





Workers weep as Amsterdam plant sheds 5,600 employees • Last-minute talks fail to clinch deal with potential Far Eastern bidders

# Shockwaves follow Fokker's fall

## Shorts may cut 1,000 jobs in blow to Ulster

David Gow and David Sharrock in Belfast

THE largely Protestant enclave of east Belfast yesterday faced up to 1,000 job losses at Shorts Brothers, the aircraft-maker, after the Dutch aerospace company Fokker decided to file for bankruptcy.

Northern Ireland's biggest private-sector employer, which built wings for Fokker aircraft, sent home 700 workers on full pay as management warned that 1,000 job losses — and potentially as many again in the surrounding economy — would result from one of Holland's biggest corporate failures.

In Belfast the likely redundancies, fewer than feared, was greeted almost casually but in Amsterdam the announcement of 5,604 redundancies cast a deep gloom over the company's plants at Schiphol airport, where long-standing employees wept.

The Klänkenberg, a security guard at Fokker's main plant, said: "I've worked 37 years for this company. I've never had a day without a job and now I'll be punished until the day I die. It is intensely sad."

Another worker, Ben Hom, said as he left the factory: "I'm devastated. Of course, we saw it coming when things got worse earlier this week."

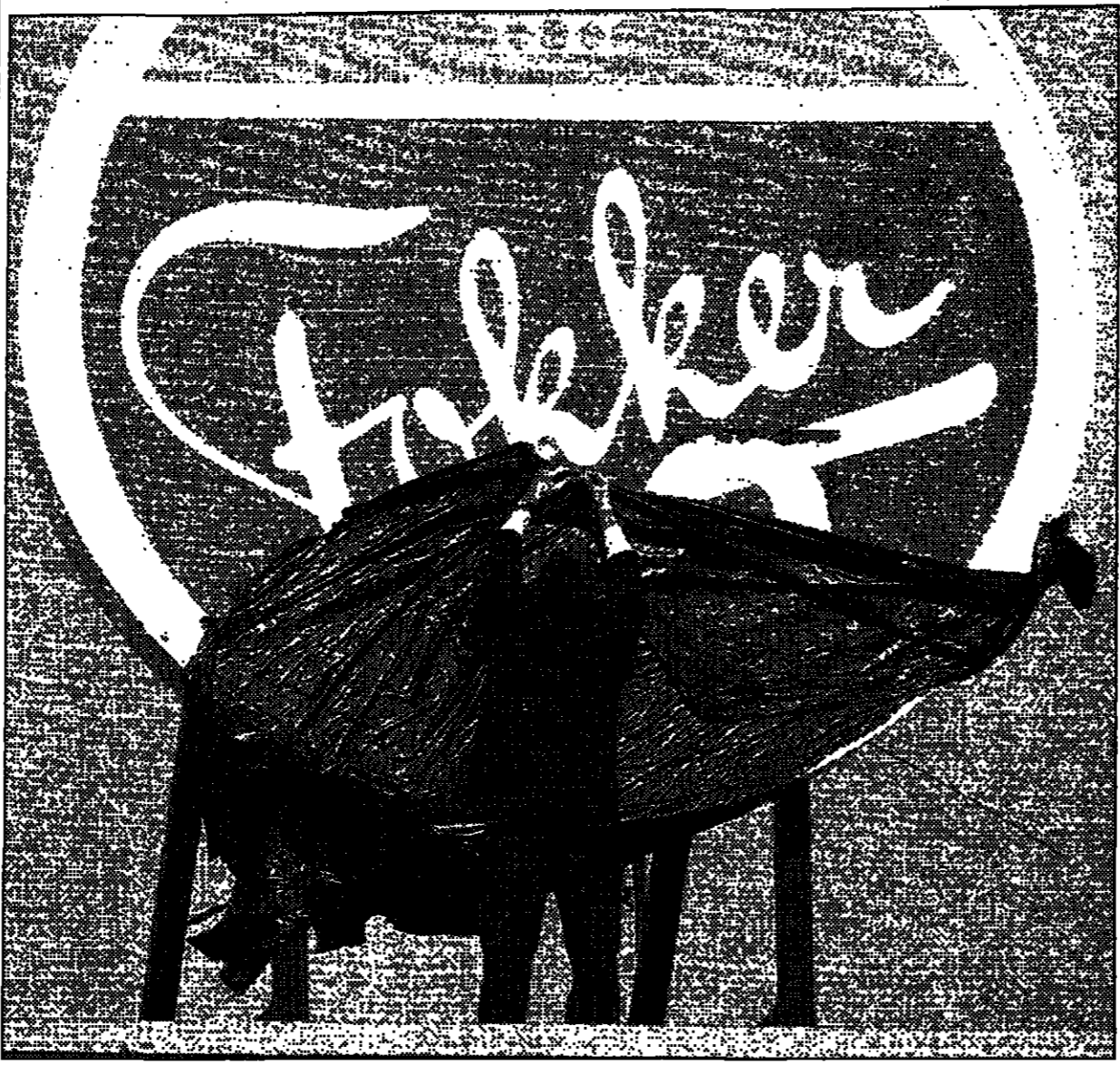
but the final news was like a punch in the face. It was like being beaten up."

The news was announced by the chairman, Ben van Schaik, at the city's aviation museum, the Aviodome, home of the Fokker bi- and tri-planes flown in the first world war by the German pilot, Manfred von Richthofen or "Red Baron" when the firm was a by-word for flying excellence.

Fokker, which made regional turboprops and jetliners, provided 20 per cent of Shorts' turnover, and production on contracts for the Dutch company was suspended at once yesterday. But Ken Brundell, vice-president of aerospace operations, said some of the 1,400 employees affected could be deployed to other parts of the company.

Shorts' owner, the Canadian aircraft manufacturer Bombardier, helped seal Fokker's fate when it decided last month against bidding for its Dutch rival, but last night some City analysts suggested it might make a move now — acquiring key elements much more cheaply.

Samsung Aerospace of South Korea, which held talks with Fokker into the early hours of yesterday but failed to make a bid, also indicated from Seoul it might want to take the bankrupt firm over — eventually.



A Fokker employee covers the firm's sign at its Amsterdam HQ yesterday

## Crash exposes flaw in plan to challenge US

David Gow and Simon Beavis

THE demise of Fokker, a once-illustrious Dutch firm largely owned by Germany, producing planes partly built by Northern Irish workers and powered by British engines, has exposed a fatal flaw in the European project of welding together an aerospace industry capable of competing with the

Certainly, that was the view yesterday in Amsterdam of an embittered Hans Wijers, Dutch minister of economic affairs. "The experience of the last few months has taught me that as far as the aircraft industry is concerned Europe does not exist; in fact the opposite is true, Europe is a jungle," he said.

The more perceptive industry executives like Dick Evers of British Aerospace of Jürgen Schrempf of Daimler-Benz know that if the Europeans are to avoid extinction at the hands of US giants such as Boeing, joint ventures, mergers and, ultimately, fusions under one roof, are essential.

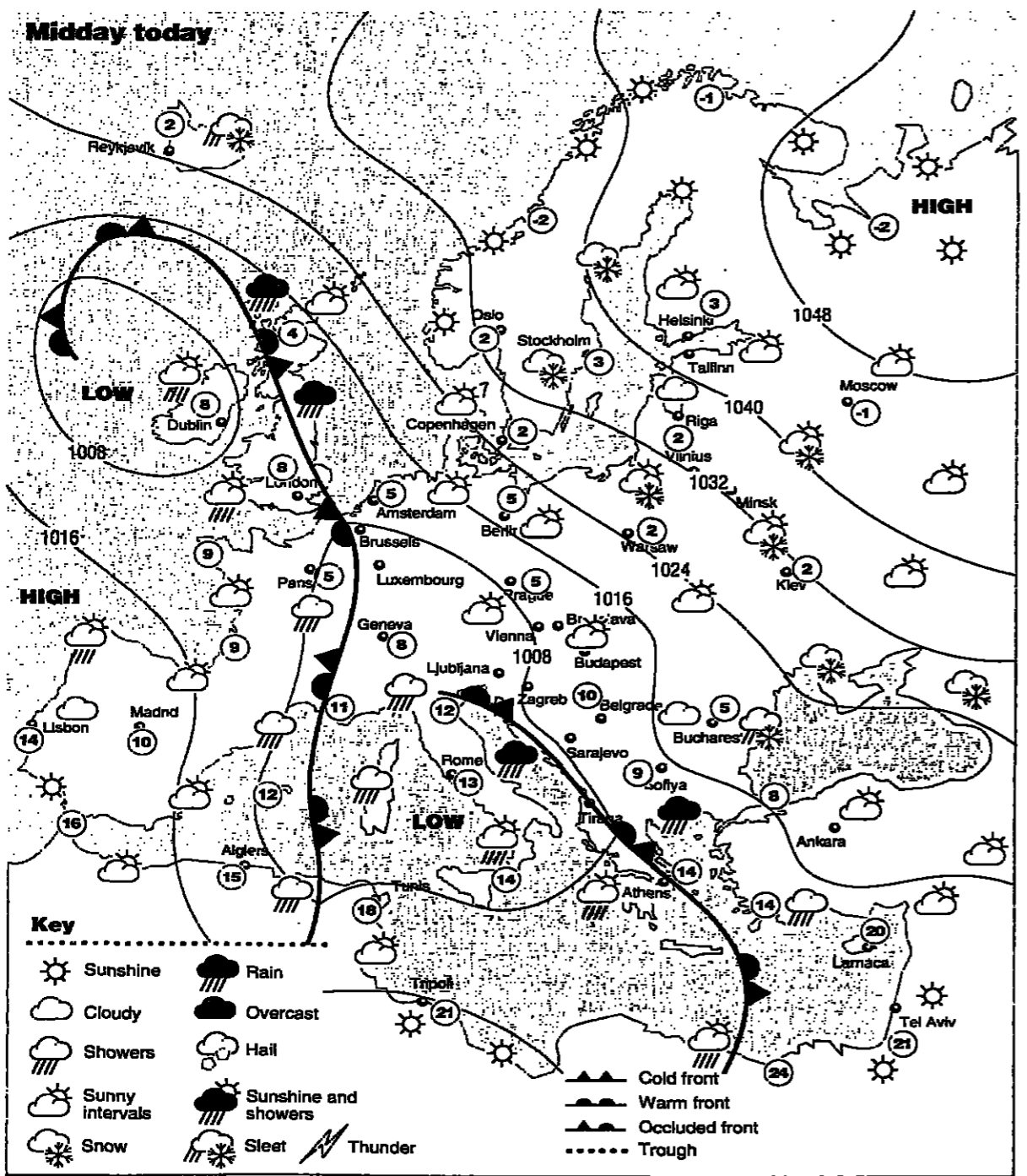
nailed for the lion's share of production and employment for their domestic workforces.

A vicious price war among aircraft makers, desperate to retain their share of an overcrowded market, completes the sorry picture. The Dutch firm's fate was sealed in late January when Mr Schrempf, architect of a major stake in Fokker less than three years earlier, refused to pump any more money into it as Germany's biggest company headed for bankruptcy.

But Fokker's bankruptcy is not just a painful stage in that process. It underlined once again the internecine conflicts among European partners as they fight tooth-and-

claw for the lion's share of production and employment for their domestic workforces. A vicious price war among aircraft makers, desperate to retain their share of an overcrowded market, completes the sorry picture. The Dutch firm's fate was sealed in late January when Mr Schrempf, architect of a major stake in Fokker less than three years earlier, refused to pump any more money into it as Germany's biggest company headed for bankruptcy.

### The weather in Europe



### Forecast for the cities

Table with columns for city, time, and weather forecast. Includes cities like London, Paris, Rome, etc.

### Around the world

Table with columns for location, time, and weather forecast. Includes locations like London, New York, Tokyo, etc.

### European weather outlook

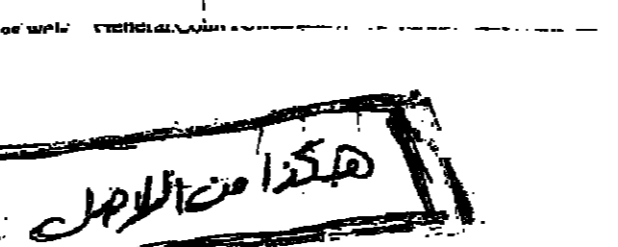
Scandinavia: One or two snow flurries are possible over southern Sweden but most places will have another fine and bright day with plenty of sunshine. Over the next few days it will stay settled as high pressure remains firmly entrenched over Russia. Max temp 6-8C.

### Television and radio — Saturday

BBC 1: 8.30am News, 9.00am Breakfast, 10.00am News, 10.30am The Saturday Show, 11.00am News, 11.30am The Saturday Show, 12.00pm News, 1.00pm The Saturday Show, 1.30pm News, 2.00pm The Saturday Show, 2.30pm News, 3.00pm The Saturday Show, 3.30pm News, 4.00pm The Saturday Show, 4.30pm News, 5.00pm The Saturday Show, 5.30pm News, 6.00pm The Saturday Show, 6.30pm News, 7.00pm The Saturday Show, 7.30pm News, 8.00pm The Saturday Show, 8.30pm News, 9.00pm The Saturday Show, 9.30pm News, 10.00pm The Saturday Show, 10.30pm News, 11.00pm The Saturday Show, 11.30pm News, 12.00am The Saturday Show.

### Television and radio — Sunday

BBC 1: 8.30am News, 9.00am Breakfast, 10.00am News, 10.30am The Sunday Show, 11.00am News, 11.30am The Sunday Show, 12.00pm News, 1.00pm The Sunday Show, 1.30pm News, 2.00pm The Sunday Show, 2.30pm News, 3.00pm The Sunday Show, 3.30pm News, 4.00pm The Sunday Show, 4.30pm News, 5.00pm The Sunday Show, 5.30pm News, 6.00pm The Sunday Show, 6.30pm News, 7.00pm The Sunday Show, 7.30pm News, 8.00pm The Sunday Show, 8.30pm News, 9.00pm The Sunday Show, 9.30pm News, 10.00pm The Sunday Show, 10.30pm News, 11.00pm The Sunday Show, 11.30pm News, 12.00am The Sunday Show.





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'Great warmth comes out to the people here from every part of the country'



Tony Blair and John Major talk to pupils and parents after laying wreaths at Dunblane school yesterday  
PHOTOGRAPH: MURDO MACLEOD

# Political foes link arms to lead mourning

Erlend Clouston, Vivek Chaudhary and Martin Walwright

**J**OHN MAJOR and Tony Blair yesterday led the national mourning over the Dunblane primary school shootings, laying wreaths at the school gate and praising the resilience of staff in the face of Thomas Hamilton's "evil act".

The unprecedented joint mission spent 50 minutes longer than scheduled at the site of Wednesday's massacre. They spoke to school staff and members of the school board and visited the gymnasium where Thomas Hamilton shot dead 16 pupils and teacher Gwenne Mayor.

The Prime Minister proposed that section of the school building, which doubles up as an assembly hall, be demolished. He also appealed for a minute's silence on Sunday — Mother's Day.

The Queen abandoned a ceremonial speech yesterday to read a brief and heartfelt tribute to the people of Dunblane and the courage of shattered families.

She set aside her intended comments on the new Royal Armouries museum in Leeds, including a reference to the fascination held for weaponry, to say: "My heart goes out to them, each and every one. May their courage remain undimmed."

The school board is to consult with all the parents be-

fore taking a decision on demolishing the school gym.

The school is due to reopen for teachers next Thursday, with pupils readmitted the following day. Psychologists have advised that the weekend, coupled with the imminent Easter holidays, should dilute the stress of returning to a building with such horrific associations.

Counselling will be available for teachers and pupils, although parents will not be encouraged to linger. "You have to reach a stage where it is as near normal as possible for the children," said Ann Hill, Scottish School Boards Association chief executive.

The politicians emerged from the school after 85 minutes, clearly shaken. Before adding their floral tributes to

the mound of flowers now spilling 20 yards down the pavement, they walked across the playground where Thomas Hamilton first began discharging his weapons.

The Prime Minister said he had been struck by the strength and resolution of the teachers he spoke to. "I hope the pupils of this school, everyone connected with it in every way, the teachers, and the ancillary staff, I hope they understand the enormous warmth that comes out to them from every part of the country at the moment."

Mr Blair, who wiped away a tear after laying his wreath, said: "We have seen for ourselves both the enormity of the evil act that was perpetrated at this school but also the quite extraordinary cour-

age and resilience of everyone connected with the school."

The party leaders were accompanied by Scottish Secretary Michael Forsyth and his shadow, George Robertson.

Earlier Mr Major and Mr Blair had visited Stirling Royal Infirmary, seeing victims of the shootings and praising medical staff.

Both politicians spent about 20 minutes talking to the medical staff. Some looked visibly distressed and sobbed as they spoke.

At the school Mr Major and Mr Blair talked in the canteen to about 30 school staff and school board members.

Gerry McDermott, a spokesman for the board, said the joint visit would have helped the community. "It stresses the better side of human na-

ture and is a great comfort to those who were present."

The politicians spent five minutes inspecting the gymnasium where Mrs Mayor and her pupils died.

Earlier Mr Blair had said the suspension of normal parliamentary business was an expression of the party leaders' solidarity with the people of Dunblane.

"We feel by the way in which the incident has altered the whole politics of Britain and the nature and shape of our political lives that in some sense we pay respect to the people here."

Messages of sympathy can be sent to Freepost Dunblane, the Royal Mail said last night. Donations can be made to account number X10985592 DUN at Abbey National branches.



The Queen speaking of her sorrow in Leeds yesterday

## Medical staff weep at memory as survivor suffers relapse



Amie Adam, aged five: back in intensive care

**M**EDICAL staff who witnessed the carnage at Dunblane Primary School spoke for the first time yesterday about the incident, saying nothing could have prepared them for the scenes of horror.

Brenda Fleming, an accident and emergency consultant at Stirling Royal Infirmary, where seven of the survivors are being treated, said: "As I walked into the gym, the teacher who died

and a child were just there at my feet. There were bodies everywhere. It just seemed they died where they stood, it didn't seem they had long enough to move an arm or leg."

As doctors described the carnage at the school, colleagues announced that one of the survivors being treated in the Yorkhill hospital, Glasgow, had suffered a relapse and was being moved back into intensive care. Amie Adam, aged five, sustained gunshot injuries to her leg and is suf-

fering from fat embolism, where marrow from her injured leg has entered her bloodstream.

Ryan Liddell, aged five, also in Yorkhill hospital, with arm injuries, is reported to be stable while a third boy is said to be critical but stable, with foot, chest and eye injuries.

All seven survivors being treated at Stirling Royal Infirmary are making satisfactory recoveries. Matthew Birnie, one of two boys in intensive care, had been moved to the children's ward and three other children are showing signs of improvement, one even playing.

Both injured teachers are described as comfortable and will undergo routine operations over the next few days. One, Mary Blake, said yesterday: "I don't think I have come to terms with it yet. But I am feeling physically much, much better."

Dr Fleming, who has worked at Stirling Royal Infirmary since December 1994, said that when she entered the school gym, she saw some children already being treated by local GPs. "I went into the second entrance to

check the dead for signs of life. We had a quick look around and then you go to the ones who are alive, and sort out your priorities."

"I was walking around from body to body to body and saying 'That child and that child must go first'."

"When you think that every living child has been taken to the hospital you go back and check to make sure that there's nobody who might possibly be surviving. I went from body to body feeling pulses, seeing if they were alive."

Dr Fleming, fighting back tears as she spoke, said the teachers were brilliant, distraught but superb. "They look the less seriously injured children away from the gym. They were comforting the children. It was the stuff of nightmares. I can't believe what I saw. We do training at accident and emergency. It's my job, but nothing can prepare you for this."

Senior staff nurse Wilma Dugan wept as she recalled the arrival of the first dead and injured children at hospital. "They were so small, so wee, and they all looked so pale."

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## Judge's wide-ranging inquiry could last a year or more

Rebecca Smilliers and Alan Travis

**T**HE inquiry ordered into the Dunblane school killings is expected to follow closely those established in Scotland to examine the Lockerbie and Piper Alpha disasters and the more recent Chinook helicopter crash.

Michael Forsyth, the Scottish Secretary, is unlikely to make a detailed statement about the scope and timescale of the inquiry for several days, having told the Commons on Thursday that it was up to Lord Cullen to decide what issues he looked at.

Lord Cullen, the senior

Scottish judge who carried out the 13-month Piper Alpha oil rig inquiry, yesterday met the Lord Advocate and the Lord President of the Court of Session to discuss procedures and timetable.

The Cabinet has already decreed that the inquiry must look at the effectiveness of existing gun controls and at whether the various authorities who came into contact with the killer, Thomas Hamilton, took appropriate action. It will also examine school security.

The inquiry will be separate from the fatal accident inquiry — similar to an inquiry in England and Wales — which by law must be car-

ried out for the Scottish Procurator Fiscal. Police are gathering evidence for that investigation, which could take weeks at least.

People who give evidence to the fatal accident inquiry will do so in public and under oath. The inquiry can make recommendations to the Government.

Although Mr Forsyth told MPs that he would do everything possible to complete Lord Cullen's investigation as soon as possible, experts say it could take at least a year because of the range of issues it must tackle.

It is likely the inquiry will try to reconstruct Hamilton's background. It will not be

restricted to his life in Dunblane and will cover not only how he was first granted a gun licence in 1977 but also such matters as the extent of his involvement in running a youth club in Bishopbriggs at Dunblane.

Lord Cullen is considered one of the top legal brains in the country. He demonstrated his ability to absorb highly technical data during the inquiry into the Piper Alpha oil rig fire, which cost the lives of 167 offshore workers in July 1988.

The report of the inquiry is considered to be one of the finest, clearest and most comprehensive documents ever produced for a government on a big technical issue.

**I looked around to see that Mrs Knittel had suddenly turned into Luise Rainer. I recognised the same woman described by Henry Miller and the intense and lively dark eyes that shone from the screen over half a century ago.**

Outlook page 19



# Teacher hit by boy wins record damages

Donald Macleod on a landmark case

**A** PRIMARY teacher who was permanently injured by a 10-year-old boy has been awarded record compensation of £82,500. Her union said it would sue local authorities and grant-maintained school governors wherever possible in the face of rising violence in the classroom.

The Coventry teacher was hit by the boy as she tried to persuade him to return to a lesson. The pupil at Frederick Bird primary school shouted abuse at Hazel Spence-Young and then hit her under the chin. It is understood that she still has difficulty moving her neck.

Police because they were worried about their school's reputation. Nigel de Gruchy, the union's general secretary, said the case illustrated a growing problem. "We intend to pursue more and more of these cases. We will be suing people left, right and centre if possible, to make employers face up to their responsibilities."

The out-of-court settlement is believed to be the largest sum paid for injuries to a teacher in a mainstream school, although larger sums have been paid in special schools and young offender centres. The NASUWT, with other teaching unions, is pressing the Government for more powers to remove violent and disruptive children from mainstream schools. Headteachers also want a change in the law so that children who are excluded cannot return to a school after their parents appeal.



The BBC Concert Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Barry Wordsworth at yesterday's dress rehearsal of Leonard Bernstein's *Candide* at Golders Green Hippodrome, north London. The work is to be broadcast on March 27 as the climax of Radio 3's Fifties season. PHOTOGRAPH: FRANK MARTIN

# 'Fiasco' claim over radio survey slump

**THE** radio industry was in disarray yesterday after a new method of measuring audiences was abandoned because it showed a dramatic slump in listening figures. The radio research body, Rajar, denied there was embarrassment over the failure of the new system, but the BBC expressed frustration at the unreliable data.

Figures for the final quarter of 1995 had to be weighted to produce results comparable with those for previous quarters, meaning the industry had effectively lost count of its listeners. Roger Gane, executive director of Rajar - jointly funded by the BBC, commercial radio and advertisers - denied there was embarrassment over the failure of the new system, but the BBC expressed frustration at the unreliable data.

Mr Gane said the results showed a substantial decline in weekly reach for nearly all stations, and appeared not to pick up "light listeners" who only tune in for short periods of time. As the results were deemed unreliable, a review of the methodology is now under way. No decision has been taken on how figures for 1996's first quarter will be measured.

Sue Farr, BBC radio's head of marketing and publicity, said: "It is a very frustrating position." The weighted figures show most BBC radio services reasonably stable, including Radio 1's weekly audience of 11.2 million listeners. Talk Radio UK claimed it had attracted 3 million a week.

London's all-women station, Vival 96.3am, which slumped to a weekly reach of 59,000, is planning a relaunch after increasing the power of its transmitters which it blamed for its disastrous first year.

# Record for four ministers

**FOUR** senior members of John Major's government entered the parliamentary record books today for each notching up 16 years and 313 days in government - the longest continuous period this century. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Kenneth Clarke, the Foreign Secretary, Malcolm Rifkind, the Northern Ireland Secretary, Sir Patrick Mayhew, and the Overseas Aid Minister, Baroness Chalker, were all appointed junior ministers in Margaret Thatcher's first government after the defeat of the Callaghan administration in the May

held a variety of posts since. A former cabinet minister, Lady Chalker was elevated to the Lords by John Major after losing her Wallace seat in the 1992 general election. Mr Clarke joined Mrs Thatcher's government at the tender age of 31. In her memoirs, Margaret Thatcher recalls her decision to appoint Mr Clarke to the Cabinet in 1981: "There are some people that it is better to bring in because they would cause more trouble outside."

Mr Major may be pondering those words amid rumours at Westminster that Mr Clarke is prepared to resign over differences with the Prime Minister on Europe.



Kenneth Clarke: rumours that he is prepared to quit

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HS trust  
ce cash  
problems

ylum bill  
cut log





# NHS trusts face cash problems

David Brindle, Social Services Correspondent

ALMOST one in three NHS trusts is worth less than when it opted out of health authority control, according to an analysis which is urging a fundamental rethink of trusts' finances.

One trust, the Horizon in Hertfordshire, is said in effect to be bankrupt. It owes more than it owns.

The analysis covers all 496 trusts in operation last year in Britain and Northern Ireland. It shows that the Great Ormond Street children's hospital, London, has the highest financial stability of them all, achieving a rating of 99.9 on an index of 100.

By contrast, 14 English trusts with ratings below 50 are said to have "poor" stability. The lowest is the Royal National Throat, Nose and Ear hospital, London, which has a rating of only 3.6 but which is merging with another trust at the end of this month.

The next lowest rating is attributed to Greenwich Healthcare, south London, which scores 9.0.

The index has been constructed by C4 Consulting, a financial consultancy, by combining five measures of financial robustness: trusts' performance against the requirement for them to make a 6 per cent return on assets; the value of their public dividend capital; the number of times their operating surplus (if any) would cover interest payments; and both the volume and value of creditors' bills settled within 30

days. The average rating is 71.5, but 73 English trusts are said to score below a threshold of 82.5 and are deemed to have poor or relatively low financial stability.

Great Ormond Street's high score is attributed largely to the fact that it has assets worth \$24.4 million paid for by public donation. Its total assets are £70.4 million.

Horizon, which provides services for people with learning disability or mental handicap, recorded an operating deficit of £2.6 million in 1994-95 and has net liabilities of £2.9 million.

This is attributed by the trust to a requirement to log in advance the early retirement costs of staff leaving the three long-stay hospitals it is running down.

However, Serge Chan, co-author of the analysis, said: "If they were a commercial company, the bank would have foreclosed on them."

Of the 419 English trusts, 132 are said to have public dividend capital worth less than the £1-per-share set when they were established. It had been thought that trusts would gain from annual revaluation of their assets, but the flat property market means that 251 of them had a lower valuation last year than when they started.

Mr Chan said trusts should be given the chance to reconstruct their balance sheets, including refinancing and writing-off of loans where appropriate.

C4 Trust Monitor, C4 Consulting, 11 Waterside Lane, Sydling, Dorchester DT2 9PE; £190 plus £10 p & p.

## Trusts with "Poor" Financial Stability, England

Trust	Index (Max 100)
Royal Nat Throat, Nose & Ear	3.6
Greenwich Healthcare	9.0
Crawley Horsham, W Sussex	18.8
Humberdale Ambulance	21.8
Royal Ulst Hospital, Bath	25.5
Guid Community Healthcare, Preston	26.7
Wolverley, Wores	29.6
Worcester Royal Infirmary	30.0
Arlington Ipswich	30.0
East Cheshire	37.4
South Warks Mental Health	42.3
Sheffield Children's Hospital	44.4
South Warks General Hospital	45.5
Royal Nat. Othopaedic Hospital, Middlesex	49.4

# Asylum bill 'will not cut logjam'

Alan Travis, Home Affairs Editor

A SENIOR judge has warned the Government that new asylum legislation will not succeed in reducing the backlog of refugee cases by making them easier to process.

Judge David Pearl, chairman of the Immigration Appeal Authority, which oversees the asylum appeals machinery, gave his warning in evidence to an independent inquiry into the Asylum and Immigration Bill chaired by a former Court of Appeal judge, Sir John Glidwell.

The Glidwell inquiry, which has taken evidence from more than 80 organisations, will report before Easter.

The warning from Judge Pearl follows his ruling last week as Chief Immigration Adjudicator, that the Home Secretary, Michael Howard, should reconsider his decision to expel the Saudi dissident Mohammed al-Masari.

Mr Masari was not named at all in the bill which has a major impact on the case backlog, he said. "The waiting list for substantive cases [that go to appeal] could well increase heavily in the present time."

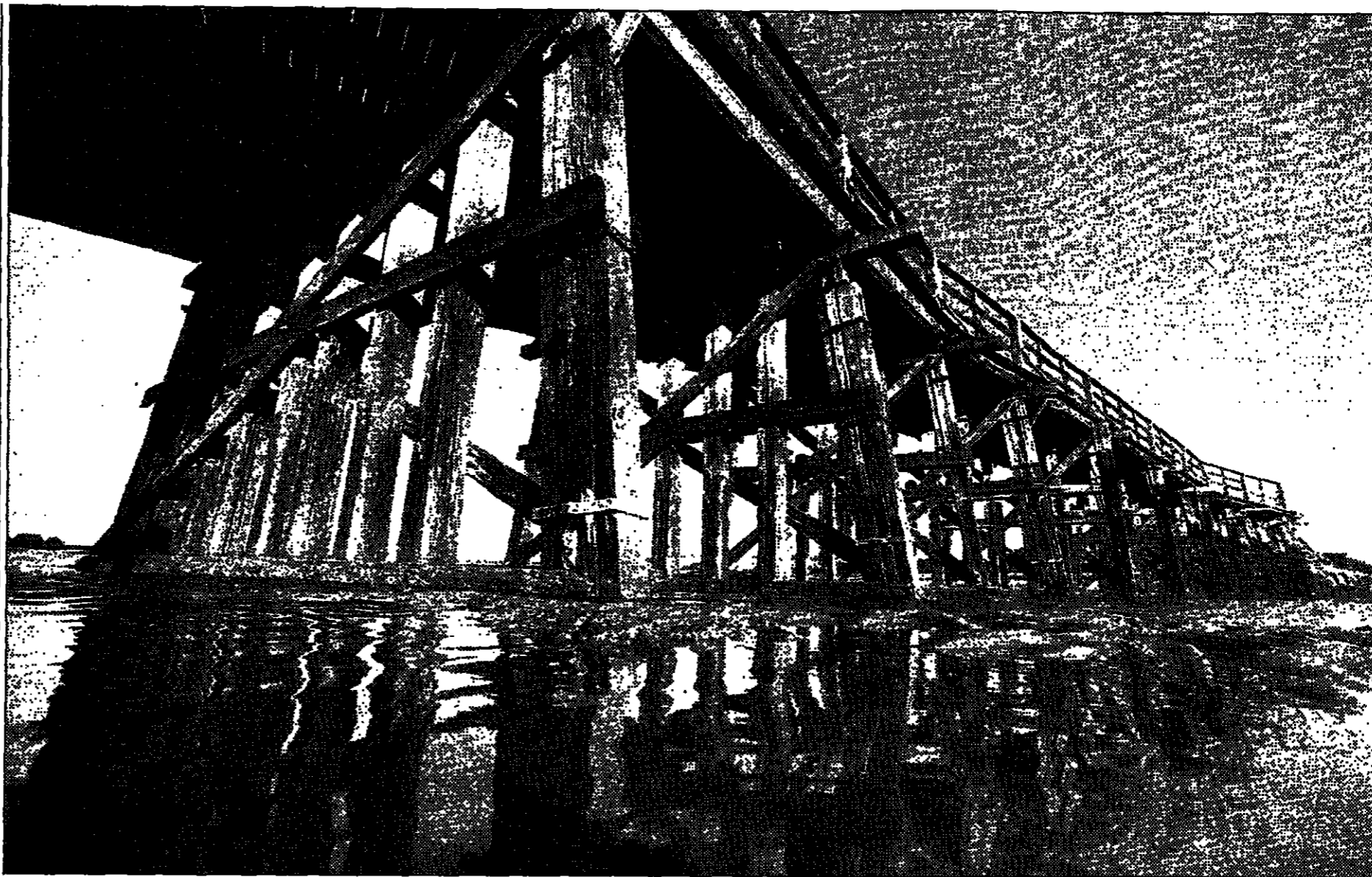
One of the main justifications for the legislation is that faster procedures would reduce the time between an

application for asylum and the final decision for "genuine" asylum-seekers who have a well-founded fear of persecution. But Judge Pearl said the legislation introduced six categories of asylum-seekers who would have their cases considered under a "fast track" procedure which currently only applied to cases deemed "manifestly unfounded".

He told the inquiry that experience had shown such fast track procedures would mean more time would be spent on these priority cases and even less on those applications which needed substantive consideration. Those asylum-seekers outside the fast track procedures would have to wait even longer for a decision and could not claim income support or housing benefit in the meantime.

At the end of February there was a backlog of 14,328 appeals waiting to be heard, with 2,200 new cases each month. The adjudicators can only hear about 700 cases a month, so the backlog is growing by 1,500 per month.

The judge's warning comes as the former Tory cabinet minister, Lord Jenkin of Roding, has claimed the Government is failing to provide enough cash to help local authorities cope with asylum seekers after cuts to their benefits.



Time span... The Grade 2 listed wooden toll bridge at Shoreham-by-Sea, West Sussex, built in 1781 by unemployed Welsh miners out of imported jarrah wood, from Australian mahogany gum trees. Having carried the A27 over the River Adur until replaced by a dual carriageway in 1970, it is now being surveyed for restoration. PHOTOGRAPHY ROGER BANNER

# 'Cynical and confused' consumers abandon search for green products

Report seeks government action to end labelling fiasco Paul Brown reports

ENVIRONMENTAL claims on products are often woolly, meaningless, unverifiable, open to multiple interpretations, confusing, of no real benefit, or even downright dishonest, according to the National Consumer Council in a report to the Government.

Consumers were cynical and confused about green logos and found it impossible to distinguish between official marks of approval and manufacturers' marketing symbols which had nothing to do with the product. Many had simply given up attempting to buy green products.

The report, compiled at the behest of the departments of environment, and trade and industry, demands government action. Without it the council says that policy objectives on the environment and European eco-labelling schemes are doomed. Indeed, manufacturers had no incentive to join proper schemes since they could do just as well with completely meaningless and misleading labels of their own.

The extent of confusion among shoppers startled the researchers, who even found some consumers refusing to buy recycled products — such as toilet paper — thinking they had been used before.

Among the examples of meaningless claims were labels that said biodegradable or CFC-free. CFCs were banned from all consumer products in the UK anyway so if they did contain them it would be illegal. Nearly everything was biodegradable and all UK detergents exceeded European Union standards. What the label meant was that the contents of the package were broken down eventually and disappeared in the environment.

Shoppers tended to respect the endorsement of well-known independent bodies, like the World Wide Fund for Nature or Friends of the Earth, but research showed that products backed by those organisations were not necessarily offering any greater environmental benefits.

While advertising was tightly controlled, the claims on the packages themselves were not, even though they amounted to the same thing. There was a remedy under the Trade Descriptions Act 1968 but there had only been four prosecutions because of the difficulty of proof. The report recommends legislation to clean up green claims either by amending the act to make prosecution easier or the introduction of an environmental claims act.

A third alternative would be a regulatory system similar to that of advertisements which would apply to labels or packaging on the products themselves.

The council chairman, David Hatch, said: "If we continued to be bombarded with contradictory and misleading product claims, shoppers cannot be blamed for deciding all products are as harmful as each other."

Green Claims: a consumer investigation; National Consumer Council, 20 Grosvenor Gardens, London SW1W 0DH, £14.50

be assessed by consumers. Most gave up the struggle.

The claims that have the public baffled

Green claims which confuse the public, according to the National Consumer Council, the manufacturers or retailers, and the products they appear on:

□ Dishwasher liquid: "Easy on the environment"; "Faith in Nature" — Clear Spring.

□ Bleach bottle: "This bottle is made of Polyethylene and contains more than 25 per cent recycled plastic." — Domestos.

□ Water: "The Hildon source lies deep within chalk hills... fully protected from the environment" — Bilton.

□ Toilet cleaner: "Only biodegradable surfactants are used." — Tesco.

□ Household cleaners: "This product contains biodegradable detergents." — Asda.

□ Washing up liquids: "Contains only biodegradable detergents." — Sainsbury.

□ Cereal boxes: "This packaging uses 70 per cent recycled board." — Sainsbury.

More than 60 products claimed credit for not using CFCs, including hairspray from Asda, Sun Silk, Boots, Siltvirk, Harmony, Cosack; and styling mousse from Asda, Boots, Safeway, and Flex.

# Trident sub in tugs row

David Fairhall, Defence Correspondent

THE Royal Navy's latest Trident nuclear missile submarine, HMS Vigilant, has become embroiled in a dispute involving tugs that are essential to escort it from the VSEL shipyard at Barrow-in-Furness this weekend.

The tug crews, members of the Royal Maritime Auxiliary Service, have threatened industrial action over a government decision to privatise much of their work.

Jobs like shepherding Vigilant's 15,000-tonne bulk through the Walney Channel at Barrow — an awkward manoeuvre even at the top of the tide — will in future be handed over to a commercial consortium, Denholm-Serco.

Not only will the sell-off mean the loss of 500 jobs, but the crews are also incensed that an in-house bid for the work by RMAS staff was rejected by the Ministry of Defence, although it is believed to have been 3 per cent cheaper than the successful one.

The MoD justified its choice on the grounds that the in-house proposals did not match the "management requirements of the task".

A flotilla of tugs and specialised support vessels is heading for the Cumbrian port from various naval bases to ensure Vigilant is not damaged by grounding as it starts its trials.

Disgruntled crews have been warned by the Institution of Professional Managers and Specialists — which represents many RMAS staff — that precipitate strike

action would breach their employment contracts. But they can in effect work-to-rule by insisting that detailed health and safety regulations are rigorously applied.

The PMIS disputes a MoD calculation that privatisation will save the taxpayer £105 million over 10 years, arguing that once a commercial firm gets the basic contract, it will charge extra for additional work.

Taking the submarines from the shipyard involves moving it down to the dock gates on Saturday, then out through the Walney Channel at high tide on Sunday morning.

Those in charge cannot afford any risk of Vigilant grounding and drying out at low tide, as its nuclear reactor relies on a supply of cooling water.

● The total estimated cost of the four-boat Trident programme has risen by £47 million, the MoD announced yesterday in answer to a parliamentary question, and now stands at £12,153 million. However, in real terms this is well below the original forecast in 1982.

# Ferry captain 'committed suicide'

John Carroll, who has 25 years' service with the company, is in Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, with his wife Angela and children.

A coastguard spokesman said he would not expect anybody to survive longer than an hour in the North Sea at this time of year.

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## News in brief

### Yorkshire Water chief resigns

THE managing director of Yorkshire Water, Trevor Newton, resigned yesterday after six years with the privatised firm and 14 years with its publicly-owned predecessor. During the 1995 drought Mr Newton, aged 52, became notorious by claiming he had not taken a bath or shower for three months, but photos of him roughing it with a washing-up bowl and flannel were followed by the revelation that he took regular baths at his parents' home in Northumbria, outside the drought area. Yorkshire Water's chairman, Sir Gordon Jones, resigned earlier this year. A drought inquiry opens in Leeds on Monday. — Martin Wainwright City Notebook, page 31

### Escape from police cells

POLICE were last night hunting for five prisoners who walked out of their cells at a police station. The five were waiting to be transferred to prison on remand after appearing before magistrates at Solihull, West Midlands, on Thursday. Police said the circumstances of the escape were being investigated. They named the men, all from the Birmingham area, as Alan Scott, 27, Lee King, 25, Jayevonn Williams, 17, Nazam Ali, 21, and Abid Ali Shah, 18.

### Pensioner raped in her home

A 78-YEAR-OLD woman was raped early yesterday as she slept in her home in Buxton, Derbyshire, police said. Detectives said it appeared an intruder broke into the house through a ground-floor window and attacked the woman as she lay in bed asleep. After being seen by her doctor the woman, who was shocked but uninjured, was allowed home.

### Hotel closed to get rid of virus

THE Metropole in Blackpool, Lancashire, is being closed for a week after 143 people staying there were taken ill with diarrhoea. The outbreak was the latest in a series to affect guests, many elderly, at the seafront 350-bed hotel. Environmental health officers have told the hotel's operator, Buiton's, that the illnesses were caused by an airborne virus not connected with the hotel's hygiene. The hotel management said yesterday it had decided to close and call in specialist cleaners.

### Duke 'was made into fall guy'

THE Duke of Manchester appeared yesterday in court in Tampa, Florida, to hear his lawyer claim he was the fall guy for a fraudulent attempt to buy Tampa Bay's Lightning ice hockey team. Angus Montagu, aged 58, is charged with a co-defendant, Carroll Tessier, who has absconded on bail, with conspiracy to defraud the team's backers of \$27 million (£18 million) in 1991. The duke's lawyer said Mr Tessier used his client as a front man. But assistant attorney Jay Hoffer said Montagu headed a company called Link International Ltd that was supposed to lead the fledgling team out of financial difficulties. The trial continues.

### Recipe for longevity

A 100-YEAR-OLD woman got a phone call of congratulations yesterday — from her older sister. Eva Macey, who celebrated her 100th birthday at the Avondale Rest Home, Woolston, Hampshire, is two years younger than her sister, Agnes Fuller. The secret of their vitality? "We've both led healthy lives," Eva said.

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Laura Thompson

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Vote by Russian MPs alarms former republics

# Duma 'resurrects' the Soviet Union

James Meek in Moscow

**T**HE RUSSIAN parliament voted overwhelmingly yesterday to renounce the agreement confirming the break-up of the Soviet Union, casting doubt on Russia's future recognition of the independence of 14 neighbouring countries, including the Baltic states and Ukraine.

The vote appears to have no immediate legal force. Members of the Communist Party, which moved it, admitted afterwards that it was a political gesture and insisted it would not harm relations with other former Soviet states.

But the sentiments expressed in the resolution will alarm the rest of the former Soviet Union and could lead to dangerous expectations of

imminent "liberation" in two already tense pro-Russian regions of the near abroad, Crimea and the left bank of the river Dnepr in Moldova.

The Communist leader Gennady Zyuganov, who remains the favourite to beat Boris Yeltsin in June's presidential elections, fears that his rival is trying to steal his image as the best guarantor of the reintegration of the former Soviet peoples.

But it is a long way from President Yeltsin's vague plan for a loose confederation of Russia, Belarus, Kazakhstan and Kyrgyzstan, which could be fleshed out later this month, to yesterday's vote, which many will see as a Communist statement of intent to restore the Soviet Union.

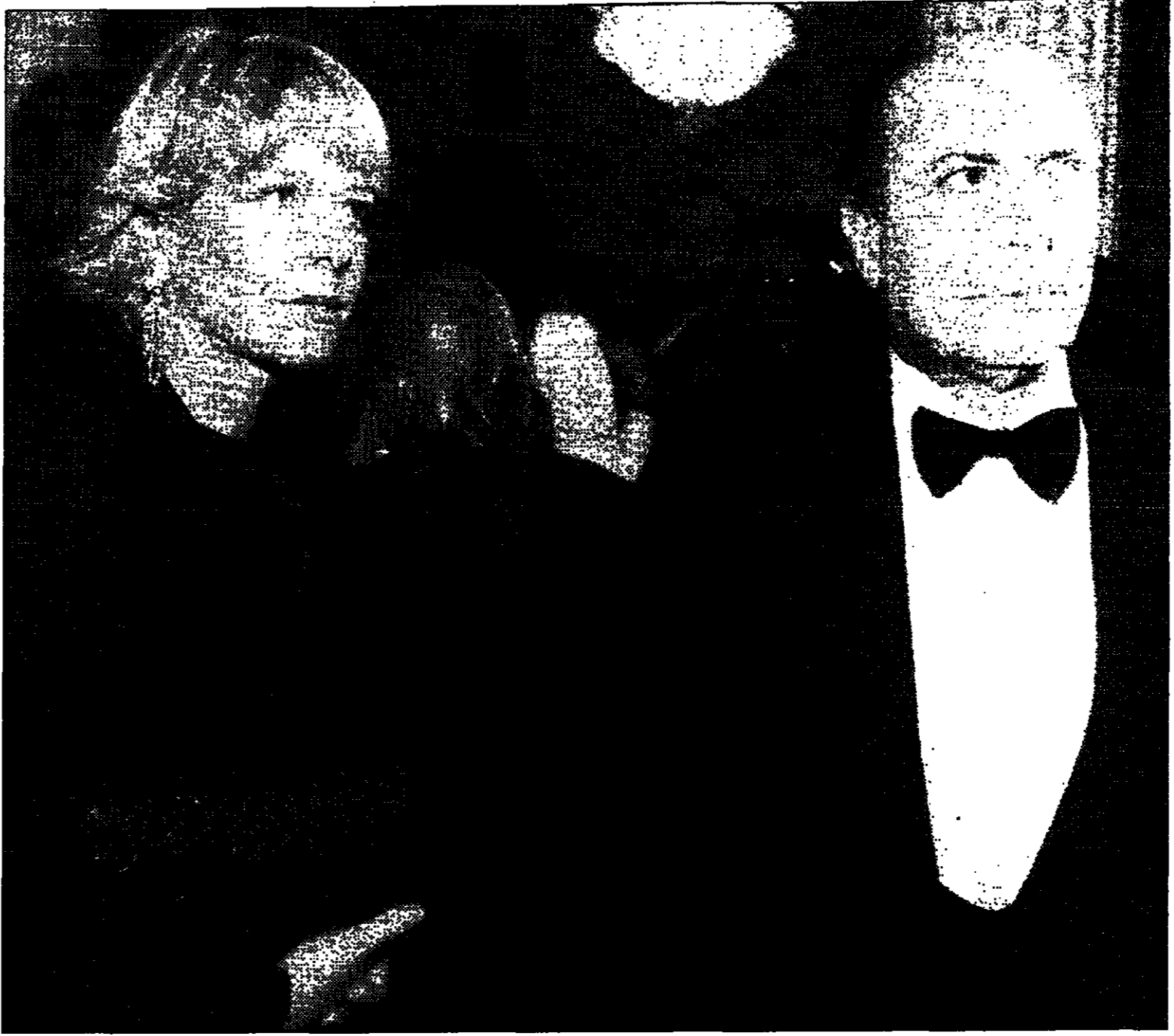
President Yeltsin wasted no time yesterday in condemning the "scandalous" Duma

vote. "Neither Ukraine nor any other former Union republic is going to march into the Soviet Union with a red flag," he said.

The arcane terms of the denunciation, approved by 250 votes to 98, involved cancelling a previous decision by parliament of December 1991 to annul the agreement setting up the Soviet Union almost 70 years before.

In a second vote yesterday, backed by 252 deputies against 39, the Duma declared legally valid a March 1991 Soviet-wide referendum supporting the continuing existence of the Union.

The gesture is likely to be popular among Russian voters, but will make the task of pro-integration politicians in countries like Belarus and Ukraine much harder in the face of heightened nationalist suspicions.



Taking centre stage... Countess Stefania Ariosto and rightwing leader Vittorio Dotti at La Scala opera house in Milan

PHOTOGRAPH LUCA BURNO

## Thugs terrorise Serbs

Julian Borger in Sarajevo

**T**HE United Nations yesterday accused Bosnian Federation police of standing by and allowing the intimidation of Serbs and the looting of their homes in the Sarajevo suburbs, undermining the city's chances of remaining multi-ethnic.

Since Tuesday, when the federation police moved into Ilidza, the largest suburb, the area has been inundated by Muslims recouping their former property or looking for new homes.

Sarajevo's criminal underworld has arrived with them, looting and threatening many of the Serbs who stayed behind after the suburbs transferred to federation control.

A group of well-known gang bosses sat outside an Ilidza cafe yesterday, laughing and chatting. Gangs of youths were carrying property away from houses in full view of federation police patrols.

"Federation policemen in the area seem to be less than interested in investigating these reports and indifferent towards preserving law and order in Ilidza," said Alexander Ivanko, a UN spokesman.

Two federation policemen were seen laughing and encouraging Muslims when they were verbally insulting

## Aid for Bosnian army 'too little'

**A**DONOR conference to raise money to train and equip the Bosnian Federation army produced little in the way of pledges and funding yesterday, *Chris Nuttall writes from Ankara.*

The United States announced details of a \$100 million (\$55 million) donation of US military equipment. It included 45 battle tanks, 15 helicopters, 80 armoured personnel carriers, 1,000 machine guns and 46,000 rifles.

Although many Muslim countries attended, Turkey was the only other state to announce a contribution — \$2 million in training. The Bosnian delegation said pledges were far short of the \$1 billion in military aid it needed over the next year.

Serbs and trying to force them to leave their houses."

Mr Ivanko said about 10,000 local Serbs had remained in the suburbs after their own authorities withdrew. They had been encouraged to stay by the international community, on the basis of guarantees from the federation au-

thorities that their rights would be respected.

"So I think the blame should be shared by the international community and the Bosnian government," Mr Ivanko said.

In the village of Vrlo Bosna, on the western edge of Ilidza, most of the 50 Serb families still in their homes were yesterday making plans to leave. Rajko Karabatak, a tough 46-year-old, was the only Serb determined to stay on, despite a brush with a Muslim gang.

"There were four of them," he said. "They asked me to exchange property with them. I said I didn't want to."

One of the gang had then pointed to two grenades lying on the ground, and asked Mr Karabatak what he was doing with them. The Serb, who had seen the man drop the grenades from his pockets, said he was not afraid. "I have done nothing to be ashamed of. I am totally clean, and I will stay at any price," he said.

Danilo Staka and his daughter disappeared days before Ilidza was handed over. UN human rights monitors fear they may have been abducted and killed by Serb extremists.

Nato and UN police patrols have been stepped up in Grbavica, the last Serb-held Sarajevo suburb, due to be handed over on Tuesday.

## Antiques dealer shops Berlusconi

John Hooper in Rome reports on a trail of evidence stretching from a fashionable boutique to the leader of the Italian right

**A**HIGH-SOCIETY noblewoman and former business partner of Princess Caroline of Monaco's late husband is the key witness in a bribery scandal that could have far-reaching effects on next month's Italian general election.

Countess Stefania Ariosto, aged 46, said this week she had told prosecutors investigating the business affairs of the leader of the Italian right, Silvio Berlusconi, that she had "seen

money change hands" at a party thrown by his lawyer in Rome. She and others saw it," she said. "I saw it in the eighties... People boasted of certain things in those days."

Ms Ariosto acknowledged that she was "witness Omega", whose testimony prompted a dawn raid last Wednesday on the home of a senior Rome judge.

Judge Renato Squillante was taken into custody on a warrant alleging that he had received "large sums of money in cash from companies headquartered in Milan which, for the moment, it is not opportune to identify".

Newspaper reports yesterday, apparently based on leaked reports of Judge Squillante's interrogation, said the companies were part of Mr Berlusconi's Milan-based Fininvest empire. The warrant claimed that the alleged bribes were handed over by Mr Berlusconi's lawyer in Rome, Cesare Previti, and a member of his chambers.

Mr Previti, who was also the television magnate's defence minister during the seven tumultuous months

that Mr Berlusconi governed Italy, has denied the claims. Mr Berlusconi accused the prosecutors investigating him of being "engaged in politics, not justice".

Ms Ariosto said she became involved in the inquiry through her antique shop on Milan's most fashionable thoroughfare, Via Montenapoleone. Others with premises on the street

"And they began to ask me other questions," she said this week.

The countess has another link with Mr Berlusconi. Her escort for the past eight years is his party's leader in the lower house of the Italian parliament, Vittorio Dotti.

Ms Ariosto reported receiving death threats after she first gave evidence last July. She now lives at a secret location in Milan, protected round the clock by a five-strong team of armed revenue guards. She said she had moved

her plan for a golf complex near Milan led to bankruptcy proceedings against both her and her partner, Stefano Casiraghi. Mr Casiraghi, who married Princess Caroline of Monaco, died in 1990 in an off-shore boating accident.

She is currently in dispute with her insurers over a robbery from her shop, which is owned by the Roman Catholic Church. Yesterday she acknowledged not having paid rent on it for the past 10 years, but said this was because the cleric responsible for collecting the rent had refused to do so.

Ms Ariosto's evidence could do immense damage to Mr Berlusconi, who hopes to return to power after the April 21 poll. He is already on trial for bribing revenue guard officers.

The countess's key deposition is understood to concern a champagne and lobster supper at Mr Previti's house on the Piazza Farnese in Rome in late 1988. In leaked testimony she was quoted as saying that she had seen Judge Squillante, Mr Previti and his associate standing together around a table.

"On the table there were numerous wads of money... Squillante was saying 'Yes, I'll take care of things'."

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### World news in brief

#### China announces new war games to coincide with vote

**C**HINA piled on the pressure against Taiwan yesterday, announcing yet another round of war games, a joint exercise of ground, sea and air forces close to a Taiwanese-held island and timed to straddle Taiwan's first direct presidential election next weekend, *Andrew Higgins in Taipei writes.*

The announcement of new military manoeuvres for March 18-25 came as the People's Liberation Army ended on schedule a series of missile tests that sent four M-9 rockets, a Chinese version of the Soviet-designed Scud, hurtling into the sea near Taiwan's two biggest ports, Keelung and Keelung.

China's media kept up a barrage of bile against the frontrunner in the March 23 poll, President Lee Teng-hui, who appears to have been strengthened by China's sabre-rattling. Beijing, frustrated in efforts to scare voters away from Mr Lee, decided the poll, the first of its kind in any Chinese society,

as "fake democracy" and "peaceful splittism". The crisis has so far failed to spread panic on Taiwan's markets. Buoyed by a \$5 billion "stabilisation fund", the stock market rose sharply yesterday while Taiwan's currency reached a two-month high against the US dollar.

#### WHO attacks research 'crime'

**T**HE head of the World Health Organisation's tuberculosis research unit accused two Japanese drug-makers of failing to develop promising tuberculosis treatments during an "epidemic" of the disease. Paul Nunn, chief of the WHO's global tuberculosis programme research and surveillance unit, said Daiinippon Pharmaceutical Company and Daiichi Pharmaceutical Company had both patented compounds that could advance the treatment for tuberculosis. "They are refusing to do the research," Mr Nunn told reporters at a conference in Stevenage on tuberculosis sponsored by Glaxo Wellcome, the drugmaker. "I happen to believe this is a crime."

#### 182 journalists held in jail

At least 182 journalists were in jail in 22 countries at the end of last year, a record number and up from 173 the year before, the Committee to Protect Journalists reported. For the second consecutive year, Turkey held more reporters in jail, 51, than any other country. Ethiopia was next with 31 journalists in jail, followed by China with 20, and Kuwait with 18, the report said. — Reuter.

#### Muppets are back

Ernie and Bert have returned, safe and sound, six weeks after they were abducted from a garden show exhibition in eastern Germany. — AP.

#### Radiation mishap

Two Georgian policemen and a railway guard received heavy doses of radiation after opening a container of nuclear waste out of curiosity, a news report said yesterday. — AP.

#### Ships returned

Five Greenpeace ships — including the Rainbow Warrior — seized last autumn during the protests over the nuclear tests in the South Pacific are to be released by the French over the next few days, *writes Paul Brown.* Greenpeace's ability to campaign has been curtailed because of the loss of more than half its fleet.

#### Bahrain round-up

A Bahraini opposition group claimed yesterday that some 400 suspected dissidents have been detained following an arson fire which killed seven Bangladeshis. — AP.

#### Called to account

Three soldiers are to be court-martialled for letting an Islamic suicide bomber slip into Israel from the Gaza Strip, the army said yesterday. — AP.

#### Fatal fish

A fisherman bled to death after being stabbed in the face by a leaping swordfish, police in Fiji said yesterday. — AP.

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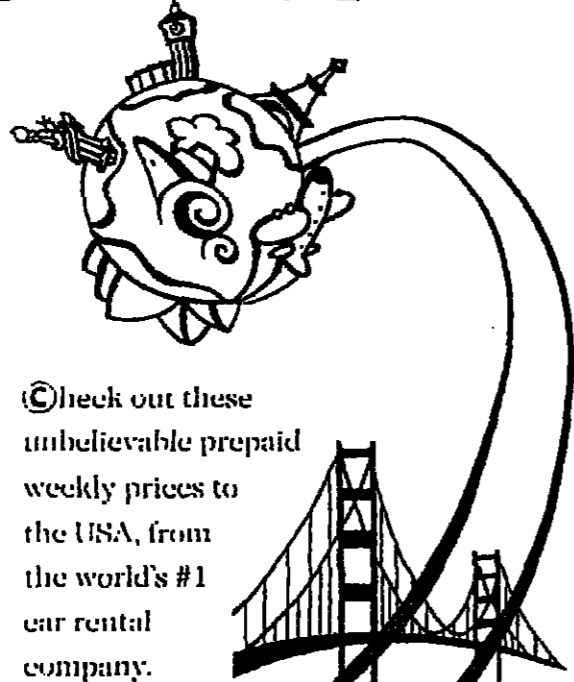
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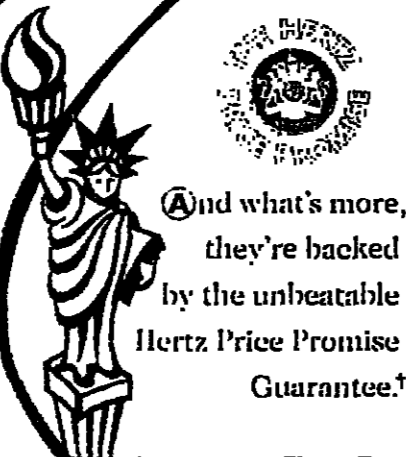
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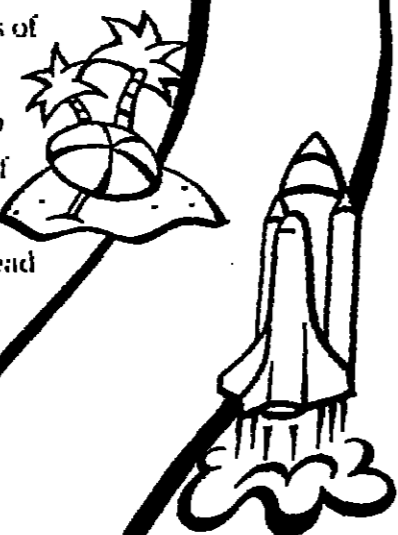
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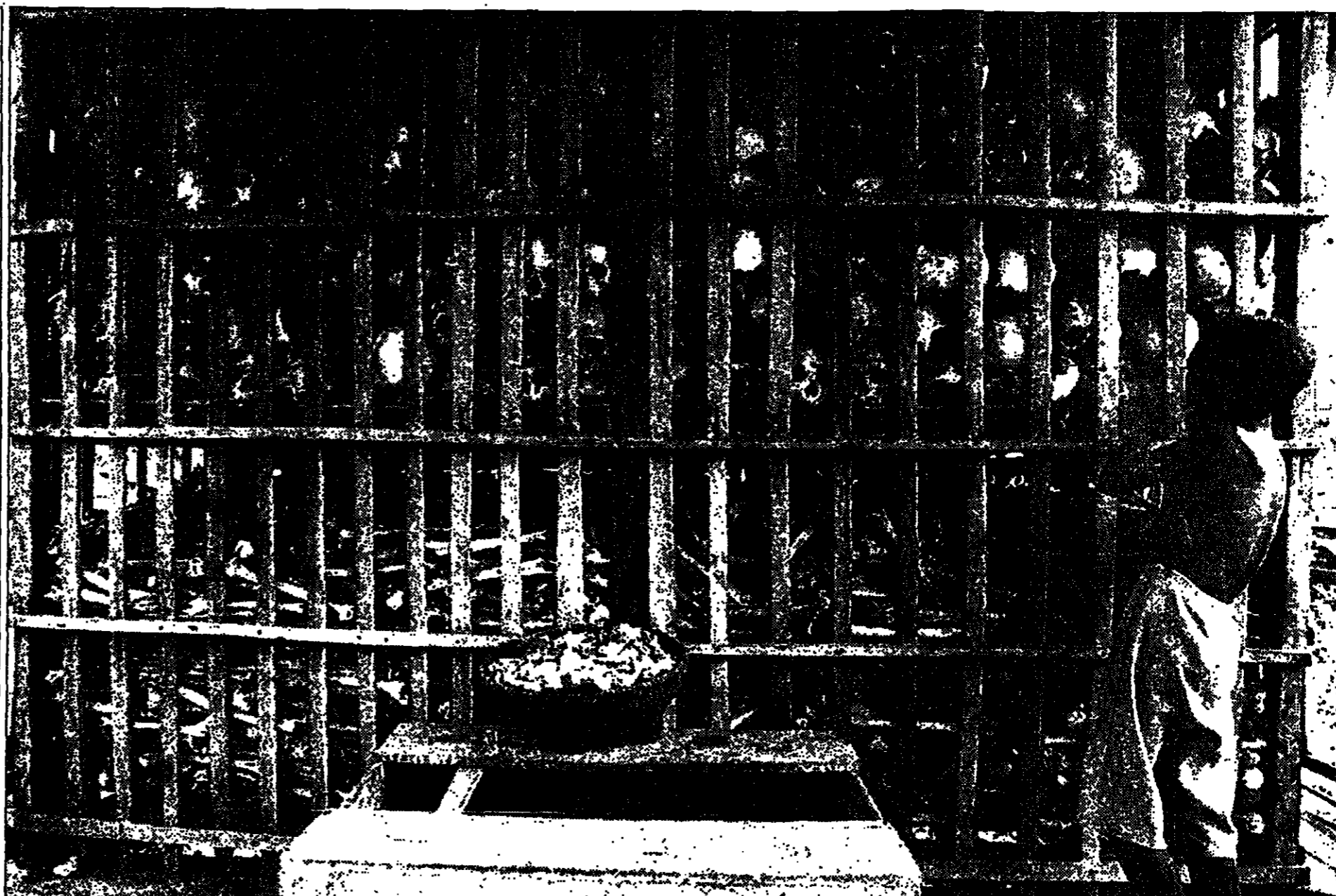
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Silent witnesses... A boy examines the skeletal remains of some 2,000 Khmer Rouge victims in a makeshift memorial at Sisophon in north-west Cambodia. PHOTOGRAPH: DOUG NIVEN

# Bloody toll of Khmer Rouge

As casualties mount in the army's advance on rebel redoubts, **Nick Cumming-Bruce** in Phnom Penh reveals new evidence that the scale of the killings by Pol Pot's regime was even greater than once thought. Below he looks at the role of King Sihanouk

**A** NEAT, round hole scars the tattooed belly, dancing on Kouch Sovann's back, marking the exit of a bullet that entered the right side of his chest. At least he survived. Twenty fellow soldiers died, he says, in the fight with Khmer Rouge troops at Dead Tiger Village, near the border with Thailand, where he was shot.

One of the bloodiest military offensives for many years is under way as government forces attempt to deliver a crippling blow to the last redoubts of Pol Pot in the remote forest and mountains of south-western Cambodia. Their immediate goal appears to be Pailin, a bitterly contested gateway to the Khmer Rouge zone beyond.

Government and military leaders, whose promises of swift victories last year ended in a humiliating rout, are giving away little about the progress of this year's operations. By all accounts the military have mounted a more cautious and systematic offensive, securing supply lines as they advance.

Dead Tiger Village, a once well-defended Khmer Rouge camp protecting the route to key bases on the Thai border, has finally fallen to the government after weeks of fierce fighting, an officer in Phnom Penh claimed this week.

barrier of bullets and mines. "One or two people are killed every day," says Chey Map, aged 30, hunched over crutches in a Phnom Penh hospital, nursing a mine wound to his leg sustained in western Battambang province, scene of some of the heaviest fighting.

No one outside the military knows how many have been killed, only that soldiers say many are left where they fall and the wood sellers of Battambang report strong demand for cremations of those brought back.

**S**EVERAL truckloads of casualties arrive daily at Battambang's sprawling military hospital. Mr Map reported, often keeping surgeons cutting and stitching late into the night. Hospitals in these border provinces are swamped by wounded, Western aid workers in the area report, forcing the government to helicopter many casualties to the capital and elsewhere.

The fly-infested corridors of Phnom Penh's dilapidated military hospital are full of beds holding some of the spilling blow have run into a

bang whose uniform now includes the bandaged stump of an amputated arm or leg.

Phnom Penh citizens who only a few years ago mullied the dangers of a Khmer Rouge return are now absorbed in commerce and the internal machinations of the regime.

But as the fighting rumbles on in Cambodia's wild west, researchers in Phnom Penh are working on a vast hoard of new data that makes clear the horrors attributed to Khmer Rouge rule after 1975 were if anything understated.

Efforts to compile a detailed map of the mass graves left by the Khmer Rouge when Vietnamese troops drove them from power have yielded results that astonish Western academics who specialised in Pol Pot's rule of horror.

more graves than we expected," reports Craig Etcheson, directing a programme organised by Yale University and funded by the US state department. "We originally expected a couple of hundred sites. We were quite wrong. We estimate there were between 10,000 and 20,000 mass graves in Cambodia."

Earlier estimates that close to a million people died under the Khmer Rouge's four-year rule are left looking bleakly conservative. A figure of three million dead — more than half the population at the time — once dismissed as Vietnamese propaganda — is left looking less implausible.

He described as charismatic, popular and able another son, Prince Norodom Sirivudh, who was forced into exile by charges — widely regarded as bogus — of plotting to assassinate Mr Hun Sen.

Former finance minister turned government critic Sam Rainsy, now trying to launch a new political party in the face of official obstruction, spoke yesterday of starting a "silent revolution" more powerful than the military muscle Mr Hun Sen commands.

accepted in the West, they also appear to have been more systematic than many previously concluded. A board of documents unearthed by Yale's researcher expose the workings of a huge bureaucracy of death, including numerous, lengthy lists detailing the prisoners executed. "Until recently nobody knew this stuff was there," Dr Etcheson remarks. "They were incredibly meticulous."

The great majority of the mass graves pinpointed are within a mile of a prison. Dr Etcheson notes, part of an extensive network stretching down to every district. "To kill that many people you have to really work at it," Dr Etcheson reflects. "It was an industry, perhaps Cambodia's biggest industry under the Khmer Rouge."

The masters of this apparatus have prepared their defences with equally meticulous attention to detail but are on the losing end of a race against time. Pol Pot, now said to have grown stout, suffers from intestinal problems. Nuon Chea, the shadowy No. 2 and Khmer Rouge ideologue, has had heart problems that forced him to undergo an operation in Bangkok.

The description came from a senior Khmer Rouge commander whose defection last month along with more than 350 fighters and another 850 family members who operated in the central Aural region of Cambodia highlighted the steady haemorrhage of support for Pol Pot since the 1993 elections. "Everybody wants to defect if they can come and live peacefully with the government," said Commander Pong Heng, the most senior Khmer Rouge official to defect to date.

26 years in the Khmer Rouge who said he served briefly on its central committee but now sports a government uniform. Commander Heng seems in a hurry to catch up with the material world. His terms for surrender are said to have included a demand for a £26,000 land cruiser.

Defections by thousands of lesser Khmer Rouge cadres and followers in the three years since the election have left the government uncontested in large areas of central and southern Cambodia.

**B**UT defections are harder for cadres and followers in the west, where Pol Pot and his commanders have perhaps 5,000 hardcore guerrillas with less reason to surrender and, given the constant fighting, fewer opportunities. Any hopes their resistance might crumble away have been rudely disabused by the bloody toll of recent months.

If the government captured key positions like Pailin or the border base of Phnom Malai at least 80 per cent of the war will be over, Commander Heng asserted. But unless something changes dramatically very soon they won't, at least not this year.



## King up to his old tricks but political ace Hun Sen holds all the trumps

**R**EPORTS of his imminent demise appear premature. King Norodom Sihanouk returned to Cambodia from medical treatment in China this week looking to many awaiting him at the airport a picture of health, and betraying no symptom of the ailments he warned last weekend might soon leave him unable to fulfil his duties.



King Sihanouk: alive and well and still with a penchant for political theatrics. PHOTOGRAPH: ANAT GIVON

Brain lesions — not a tumour as initially reported by local radio — and hardening arteries threatened to disable him, he had written to his son, co-prime minister Prince Norodom Ranariddh.

As if to demonstrate his vigour, the 73-year-old monarch, famous for his political theatrics, quickly fired off a series of communiques denouncing press reports of his comments about the royal succession and speculation on the motives behind his statement.

He described as charismatic, popular and able another son, Prince Norodom Sirivudh, who was forced into exile by charges — widely regarded as bogus — of plotting to assassinate Mr Hun Sen.

Former finance minister turned government critic Sam Rainsy, now trying to launch a new political party in the face of official obstruction, spoke yesterday of starting a "silent revolution" more powerful than the military muscle Mr Hun Sen commands.

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RUGBY UNION: FIVE NATIONS CHAMPIONSHIP

Robert Armstrong says that both England and Ireland may be ready to banish fear and play an expansive, entertaining game this afternoon

Twickenham the stage for risk-taking

ENGLAND'S biggest hurdle in today's final championship match could be the hard-to-please Twickenham crowd rather than the unpredictable Ireland team. The Triple Crown and possibly the Five Nations Cup are the major prizes that beckon Will Carling's men in his last game as captain, yet winning in itself is unlikely to satisfy frustrated home supporters who have seen only two England tries this year.

Ireland come to Twickenham in their customary role of underdogs but they too will want to develop a flexible 15-man style which can yield tries and please the crowd. Indeed, in their recent four-try victory over Wales the Irish showed they have the same potential as England to break away from set-piece rugby and move towards total football.

resented a watershed for his squad. He believes that the confidence and mental toughness engendered by the win will help England develop a launching pad for a more expansive game. Even so, it is hard to see how Carling's side can switch smoothly from nine-man rugby to a slickly coordinated handling game, "matter how much they practise it on the training pitch."

with the midfield backs. It will be fascinating to see whether the talented Wasps flanker, widely regarded as England's next captain, uses his authority and explosive skills to shape the pattern that could be Ireland's nemesis.

Jocularly dismissed Underwood's post-match drinking needs as "two Cokes", he indirectly paid tribute to a player who has devoted rigorous attention to personal fitness.

In fact, if both sides are ready to take calculated risks this patchy championship may yet end on an exhilarating note. Ireland have found exciting young backs such as Humphreys, Bell and the Orrell full-back Mason to supplement the Test experience of Geoghegan and Field, both of whom played an important part in the 13-12 victory at Twickenham two years ago.



Carling... fitting send-off?

cause chaos among English forwards not best known for adapting to the unpredictable. One thing is certain: after a turbulent high-profile season in which his own performance as chief coach has drawn flak, Rowell will approach this game in a comparatively tranquil mood.

Twickenham teams

Table listing players for ENGLAND and IRELAND. ENGLAND: M Catt (Bath), J Sleightholme (Bath), W Carling (Harlequins, capt), R Underwood (Leicester), P Grayson (Northampton), M Dawson (Northampton), G Rowntree (Leicester), M Regan (Bristol), J Leonard (Harlequins), M Johnson (Leicester), G Archer (Bristol), E Clarke (Bath), I Dallaglio (Wasps), D Richards (Leicester). IRELAND: S Mason (Orrell), J Bell (Northampton), M Field (Malone), N Woods (Blackrock Coll), D Humphreys (London Irish), N Hogan (Terenure Coll, capt), N Poppellwell (Newcastle), A Clarke (Northampton), P Wallace (Blackrock Coll), G Fulcher (Cork Constitution), J Davidson (Dungannon), D Corkery (Cork Constitution), D McBride (Malone), S Costello (St Mary's Coll).

REPLACEMENTS: England: J Catt (Bath), P De Oliveira (Bath), K Bracken (Bristol), V Ugochi (Bath), G Dave (Bath), T Rother (Northampton). Ireland: M McCall (Dungannon), P Burke (Cork Constitution), C Savemanis (Sale), P Johns (Dungannon), H Herley (Old Wesley), F Kingston (Dolphin), M Murray (Scotland).

Dallaglio looks fit for long reign as king steps down

Frank Keating on the rise and rise of the crown prince waiting to lead England into a new world of adventure and originality

YESTERDAY at Twickenham, where England end their season today, it was a blissfully blue bright day as when they had started it four months ago — although that sunshine was autumn's and this was heralding spring. The length of those four months from November to March can be gauged by the rise and rise of Lawrence Dallaglio's international career.

and, therefore he stays as a number 10 and so on all his life. The ideal should be exactly the opposite: pick innate football talent and let it roam adventurously and naturally. In the autumn Dallaglio was thrust into the captaincy of Wasps when Andrew and Dean Ryan upped sticks to announce rugby's new era. "Dean was an inspirational leader. With Rob and Steve Bates, we had a triumvirate of three totally different personalities which amounted to enlightening leadership and direction," says Dallaglio.



Pointing the way... Dallaglio knows what he wants from a team PHOTOGRAPH: FRANK BAFON

A International: England 56, Ireland 26 King is monarch of all he surveys

Robert Armstrong at Richmond

ALEX KING put a gloss on a spectacular England A win with 26 points in an entertaining game at the Athletic Ground here yesterday. England plundered seven of the game's 11 tries in a confident, expansive style that was an object lesson to the senior side today.

for most of the 80 minutes, pulling sharply away with superb scores by Adebayo and Stimpson shortly before half-time. The back-row forwards Jenkins and Greenstock were generally too quick and dynamic for the Irish pack, who tried to make up in commitment what they lacked in skill and tactical nous.

Wales v France at Cardiff Arms Park

Wales to weep at Cabannes swansong

IN THE brouhaha over Will Carling's semi-retirement this week it has almost gone unnoticed that Laurent Cabannes, one of the modern era, is almost certain to be playing his last game for France today. And it is a fragile Wales team that is attempting to stop Cabannes celebrating his swansong with the Five Nations Championship.

years in the Agen back row, but if that's where the selectors want me I'll give it a go," he said. "We did win the championship in 1993 with Olivier Roumat and me in the second row, so perhaps it's a good omen."

been talking to Northampton. This afternoon he will be a key man in the line-out, where Wales will expect to achieve parity through their main jumpers Deryn Jones and Gareth Llewellyn.

Cardiff teams

Table listing players for WALES and FRANCE. WALES: J Thomas (Llanelli), I Evans (Llanelli), L Davies (Neath), N Davies (Llanelli), G Thomas (Bridgend), N Jenkins (Pontypridd), R Hewley (Swansea), G Leader (Swansea), J Humphreys (Cardiff, capt), J Davies (Neath), G Llewellyn (Neath), D Jones (Cardiff), E Lewis (Cardiff), G Jones (Llanelli), H Taylor (Cardiff). FRANCE: J L Sedoury (Colomiers), E Ntamak (Toulouse), O Campagn (Agen), S Giss (Bourgoin), P Sain-André (Montferand, capt), T Castaignède (Toulouse), A Accoceberry (Bègles), G Collame (Toulouse), J M Gonzalez (Beyonne), F Tournaire (Narbonne), A Benazzi (Agen), O Rosnat (Dax), R Castel (Toulouse), S Cabannes (Racing), S Dispasgog (Toulouse).

REPLACEMENTS: Wales: W Proctor (Llanelli), A Thomas (Bristol), A Moore (Cardiff), S Williams (Neath), L Mutton (Cardiff), G Jenkins (Swansea). France: A Pannat (Brive), F Gallié (Colomiers), O Brouzet (Grenoble), R Ibanez (Dax), M Patis (Toulon), R Douthe (Dax).

Advertisement for Guinness featuring a glass of Guinness and a can of Guinness. Text includes 'How's that for an Irish conversion?' and 'PURE GENIUS.'



Racing

Killeshin to outstay the Aintree hopes

Non-qualifier can show again how unlucky he is to miss the National, says Ron Cox

THE FIELD for the Marcell Grand National two weeks today could be the smallest for 16 years after only 48 stood their ground at the latest forfeit stage...

tends to sulk when he is unable to dominate. Another Excuse shows best of three Irish runners. He pulled up behind Killeshin at Newcastle...

Investigation into Festival deaths

AN investigation into the deaths of 10 horses at this week's Cheltenham Festival is underway, with the results expected at the end of next month.

Hereford brings out the best in Corvix Hill (3.25) who is fancied to notch his third course and distance win of the season.



Measuring up... Sorbiero (centre) prepares for take off on his way to victory at Folkestone yesterday

Tests for One Man after Cup flop

ONE MAN, who finished nearly 30 lengths behind Imperial Call when trailing in sixth in the Gold Cup at Cheltenham on Thursday, continues to baffle his connections.

Uttoxeter runners and riders with TV form

Table listing runners and riders for Uttoxeter races, including race numbers, names, and TV form details.

Table listing runners and riders for Channel 4 races, including race numbers, names, and TV form details.

Hereford

Table listing runners and riders for Hereford races, including race numbers, names, and TV form details.

Newcastle

Table listing runners and riders for Newcastle races, including race numbers, names, and TV form details.

Channel 4

Table listing runners and riders for Channel 4 races, including race numbers, names, and TV form details.

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Results

Table showing race results for various events, including race numbers, names, and winning times.

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Advertisement for RACELINE, featuring a phone number (0891 1681) and a list of racing events.















# The Guardian Outlook

The massacre of the children of Dunblane has thrown the liberal notion of human nature as basically good and redeemable into confusion. HENRY PORTER asks leading thinkers how the killings can be squared with our ideals. Illustration by GEOFF GRANDFIELD

## Reason eclipsed by evil

WHEN Ron Taylor, the headmaster of Dunblane Primary School, said that evil had visited his school on Wednesday morning there is no one in the country who would oppose him. He has seen things this week that gives him a voice which is heard above all others.

The murders of Dunblane and the use of the word evil have tested the liberal conscience more than anything else in the last 50 years, more than terrorist bombs or serial killings or the disaster of Abjecton. What has happened is obviously of a much greater order of magnitude than anything we thought could happen in this liberal democracy of ours, with all its familiar virtues and faults.

It seems almost implicit that what took hold of that school was a terrible extraneous force, and the only word we have for it is Ron Taylor's word — evil. That should satisfy us, but it goes against every liberal's instincts to acknowledge evil as a dynamic in human affairs. If liberals admit evil in this way, then we lose hope of explanation and throw from the orbit of human responsibility things which we believe may be improved and can be controlled to create a better society. If liberals accept that Thomas Hamilton's actions were a manifestation of the utmost evil, and not the result of extreme psychological distortion, then we renounce the idea that a society may determine its own enlightenment.

The Daily Telegraph has suggested that there was a religious answer to Dunblane which is to be found in Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*. "Suffering," said the paper's leader column, "even the suffering of children is necessary for men to know the difference between good and evil." This is impossible for the non-believer to accept. Every liberal conscience — whether believing in God or not — draws from Voltaire, who wrote in the *Philosophical Dictionary* in 1754: "Among the absurdities with which this world overflows, and which can be counted

among our evils, it is not a trivial one to have imagined two all-powerful beings fighting each other to see which of them would put more of himself into this world. That is the way we think of it at a distance — cool and rational — but when we get up close to something like Dunblane and see one of those competing forces has tragically lost out we tend to agree with the use of the word evil. This certainly has been the experience of the biographer Geoffrey Wansell, who in another context has come into close contact with the worst our society has to offer. For the last six months he has been studying the transcripts of police interviews with Fred West for a book to be published in the summer. "I am absolutely certain there is such a thing as evil," he says. "There is an identifiable sense of evil about West and I think it has [a] pervasive quality. I simply don't agree with one or two of the experts, who say that if only you could have got to Fred early we could have treated him. If you got to Fred at the year zero you wouldn't have made an impact on him."

Wansell believes that in the case of West, evil was an "extra dimension" which operated above the usual influences of nature, nurture and free will: "It is a very important part of the Fred West story and I make no secret of the fact that I have spent much more time in church on my knees recently. What I have found is beyond the liberal view that with enough treatment you could have avoided what he did — that is not enough, rationality is not enough."

His reaction to the West transcripts is not the only one available to writers who deal with such things. I asked Gitta Sereny, who has specialised in the study of the Nazi terror machine, especially in her recent biography of Albert Speer, whether she could apply the word evil to Hamilton in a way that was used 400 years ago.

"That would worry me," she said. "Perhaps I am too rational for that. I think this man was obviously mad. I don't think that is a matter of evil in the religious or mythological sense. Equally I don't

think that it could have been prevented or predicted, though there is obviously the question of the guns he had."

There is a reverence for the word evil and also an anxiety about its use. People pull back from it because they know what such attribution implies for the rest of their beliefs. The writer and barrister John Mortimer, who has defended many killers, says he could not judge the greater metaphysical question of good and evil. "If I knew the answer I should be wiser than anybody. But I do think that generally a belief in evil is terrifically useful if you want to ignore certain things. If you believe that criminals are evil you don't have to take responsibility for the society which produces what we decry. It lets us off the hook."

The writer Richard Hoggart, who has recently published *The Way We Live Now*, a sometimes pessimistic view of modern Britain, agrees with Mortimer: "Understandably people use the word evil. Nearly all MPs asked about Dunblane used it. I find it doubtful as a way of reacting. I know why they do it. They do

it to show the depths of their rejection of this behaviour. It also suggests that anything that shocks terribly like this must be evil. It perhaps makes people feel a bit easier to say there is such a thing as evil."

Hoggart also makes the point that Hamilton was "definitely aberrant and out of his mind" which could not be the same thing as evil.

But how are we to describe Hamilton's state of mind, which on the surface at least appeared to be controlled enough for him to arm himself, make plans and travel inconspicuously from his home to the school? There was plainly an ordered intent in what he did on Wednesday morning, a conscious sequence which required logic and forethought. Although there is evidence of madness in his letters and obsessive behaviour, there is also at least as much evidence of the sort of evil that is described by Jay Glenn Gray in his book *Warriors*: "Anyone who has watched men on the

battlefield at work with artillery or looked into the eyes of veteran killers fresh from the slaughter, or studied the description of the bombardier's feelings while smashing targets, finds it hard to escape the conclusion that there is a delight in destruction. Walk on the battlefield and sense

has gone. "Ask yourself, if this was not evil, what was it," says Cristina Odome, editor of the *Catholic Herald*. "This was someone who understood he would break every rule of society and reach devastation."

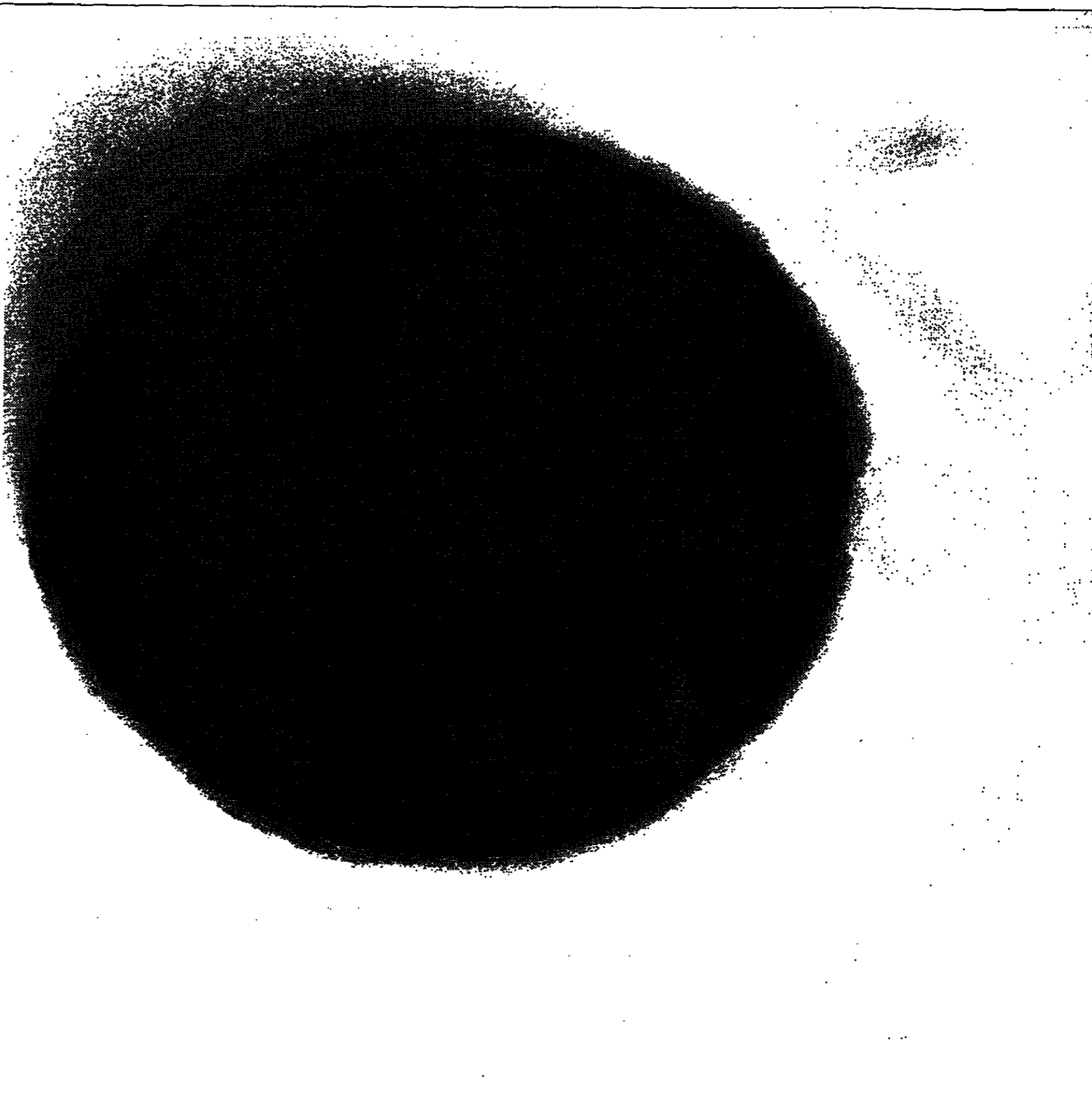
As Marina Warner points out, this is a view more usually associated with fundamentalist sects. "Generally the higher you go in religious ritual, the more people think in terms of absence of grace. But there are increasingly people of liberal persuasion who think of evil as being something more than a lack, or an absence. I can't myself think of a being like that, a sort of dynamic evil that is at work in the world. "Language is important. You get away from the problem of Satan and the ineluctable evil that will always be there doing dreadful things, if you think of it more in moral terms and less in religious terms. It is helpful to think of the word vice in its opposition

to virtue and not just about evil. That whole metaphorical range which includes *virtuosity*, the idea that something is spoiled, distorted, taken into the wrong is useful too." I asked her whether vice was not too weak a word and whether Hitler's extermination plan, conceived and executed over a decade, demanded the word evil. A knowledge of conscious intention was surely important in distinguishing wrongdoing, vice and evil. "The example of the Nazis is interesting. I don't think there was enough resistance there. People were duped or taken in and the *vitiation* spread, creating an atmosphere in which people voted for Hitler. If this man [Hamilton] was allowed to have handguns under licence, it is not demonic evil, but a failure of resistance. Why I am worried about corroborating a notion of evil stalking abroad is because it lets people off the hook." Canon Michael Perry at Durham Cathedral agrees, although he is part of the Christian Delivery Study Group that researches and occasionally practises

exorcism. "A lot of people, myself included, believe in personal forces of evil. According to some there was an internal badness in Hamilton. According to others, the Devil got into him. This is just a way of passing the buck. You can't go around looking for demons to explain it."

"Whether it is an evil force inside him or an entity outside doesn't really matter. It is evil; it is wrong. It is not good and it is not God's will. What Hamilton needed was a psychiatrist, not an exorcist."

So Ron Taylor was right to say that his school had been visited by evil. It has an entirely appropriate modern application, which expresses the gravest moral outrage but does not of necessity threaten liberal values. To say that what happened on Wednesday is evil is as justifiable as Jay Glenn Gray's observations from the battlefield. Both men knew what they were talking about, yet I doubt that either would subscribe to the religious view expressed in the *Daily Telegraph* that the suffering of children is necessary for men to know the difference between good and evil.



What I have found from the Fred West case is beyond the liberal view that with enough treatment he could have avoided what he did. What I have found is that rationality is not enough'

<p>A WRITER</p> 	<p>The MALT</p> 	<p>The MACALLAN</p> <p>INSISTS UPON COSTLY 'GOLDEN</p> <p>PROMISE' BARLEY TO ENDOW IT</p> <p>WITH THE SINGULARLY SMOOTH,</p> <p>PRIZE-WINNING TASTE THAT</p> <p>MAKES IT The MALT</p>
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# A poll without a goal

**T**HERE is a very good case for holding a referendum on a European single currency. But it isn't the one that is increasingly driving the Conservative Party towards adopting the idea. Most of the original pressure for a referendum came from people who opposed not only the single currency but also Britain's membership of the European Union itself. They are convinced that the mood of the country is increasingly on their side. They think that a referendum would overturn the establishment consensus in favour of Europe. They thought the same 20 years ago when Britain first entered the Common Market. In the event Britain voted by two-to-one to stay in. But the Eurosceptics are undeterred. They believe, against good judgement and much evidence, that things would be different next time.

A less principled but equally wrong-headed group of Conservatives believes that the party might do better in the general election if it offered the prospect of a single currency referendum. This view is mistaken on two important counts which its proponents foolishly ignore. The first

is the illusion that Europe is the determining issue on many voters' minds, whereas the evidence is that it is not. The second is that the Conservatives would be alone in offering such a plebiscite, whereas Labour has not ruled one out and the Liberal Democrats announced only this week that they now support the idea. The imagined party advantage of which many increasingly desperate Tories dream is, in reality, almost non-existent.

Then there are the ones who are scared of Sir James Goldsmith and his one-man Referendum Party. Sir James likes people to be frightened of him and he is certainly both confident and rich enough to go through with his threat to stand in every constituency if the Conservatives don't adopt his policy. In their present mood of electoral despair, some Tories have persuaded themselves that it is essential to make peace on Sir James's bullying terms. As reasons for adopting a course of policy go, this has little to do with principle — but it has little to do with reality either. Sir James imagines that everyone shares his monomania (when they don't) and puts it about that as many as two dozen seats could change hands if he runs (they won't). The number is more like two than two dozen, and even that is optimistic.

There are two really serious arguments for holding a referendum. The first is that the issue itself is of sufficiently momentous significance as to require the explicit endorsement of the electorate. The other is that it is positively good for the democratic health of society that a particular issue should be

put to the popular vote. There can be little doubt that control of the currency — which is one of the things which would be implied by full monetary union — is in principle a sufficiently momentous issue to qualify under the first head. And there is equally little doubt that the political process in this country is sufficiently discredited to make referendums (along with other forms of constitutional and electoral reform) a desirable and more permanent feature of our system of democracy. Those who cling to unreformed parliamentary supremacy may be right in theory, but they are simply out of touch.

Those who advocate a referendum on the single currency, or even on the EU intergovernmental conference, have nevertheless to keep their feet on the ground. In reality, no referendum can be held without a prior government commitment and a prior parliamentary endorsement. In practice, that means both that the Cabinet needs to be united, save in special circumstances, and that the Government is able to get a bill through the Commons. In the case of the single currency, it is difficult to see how a question could be drafted which does not in practice put EU membership at issue too. These are not reasons for opposing the referendum, but they severely constrain the politics of it. If the Cabinet decides in favour of a referendum next week, its problems will only just have begun. To do so while risking the Chancellor's head — when he more than anyone is the architect of most of what the Conservatives can boast about — looks a recipe for Tory disaster.

# Waiting for the final bell

**I**N TIMES of public shock and mourning, the relentless of the sporting calendar often strikes a jarring note. Early tomorrow, at the end of a week in which the phrase "senseless violence" has taken on connotations, and acquired a new benchmark, beyond anyone's worst imaginings, the world's sporting attention will shift to the fight between Mike Tyson and Frank Bruno in Las Vegas.

It will be widely assumed, not least by readers of the Sky TV Guide and associated publications, that this fight is for the world heavyweight boxing championship. It is not. Tyson and Bruno are disputing the World Boxing Council (WBC) version of the world championship. The WBC itself is one of no less than four competing organisations which each declare their own champions at every one of 17 different boxing weights, making 68 in all. Every day of the year, there is probably a "world title fight" going on somewhere and taking money off deluded souls.

Thus this contest does not affect the World Boxing Association (WBA) title, held by one Bruce Seldon, the International Boxing Federation (IBF) title, held by Frans Botha, or the World Boxing Organisation (WBO) title, held by Riddick Bowe. But even this figure of 68 may be an underestimate, since it excludes the World Boxing Union (WBU),

run by a former flower-seller from his front room in Norfolk, which recognises George Foreman as world champion. There are also the International Boxing Council (IBC) and the World Athletic Association (WAA) with some champions of their own, and there is nothing to stop the rest of the population of Norfolk or anywhere else inventing a sonorous name, declaring Muhammad Ali, Ray Illingworth or Pamela Anderson champion of the world and attempting to make money from the proposition.

The WBC, the body in charge of tomorrow's fight, was once considered the most credible, or least incredible, of these bodies. It forfeited that claim in 1990, when it attempted to reverse James "Buster" Douglas's financially inconvenient defeat of Tyson, the one clear-cut and indisputable event that has occurred in boxing in years.

Bruno's engaging personality should not blind us to the fact that, even leaving aside the mounting and horrific medical evidence, this is no longer a sport worthy of serious attention. John Rodda, boxing correspondent of The Guardian for 31 years, made this point on the BBC2 programme A Bloody Art only last night. It is increasingly unanswerable. Henry Cooper, British boxing's icon, is now too appalled to do commentaries. Some people have complained bitterly about the British TV arrangements for the Bruno fight. Normally there might be a legitimate complaint. This time it is triple ring-fenced, by being only on Sky, by being pay-per-view, and with no news access. There, in near-privacy, is where it rightly belongs.

**As old enemies rear their heads again and outdated conflicts reemerge, MARTIN WOOLLACOTT looks at the West's illusions, the evolution of grievances and asks how did relationships get so sour? Illustration by PETER TILL**

# Head to head in the nervous nineties

**I**T IS enemies time again in the West. The Yellow Peril, the Mad Mullahs, and even the Red Menace are back with us as if they had never been away. In the Straits of Taiwan, Chinese threats are countered by the Seventh Fleet.

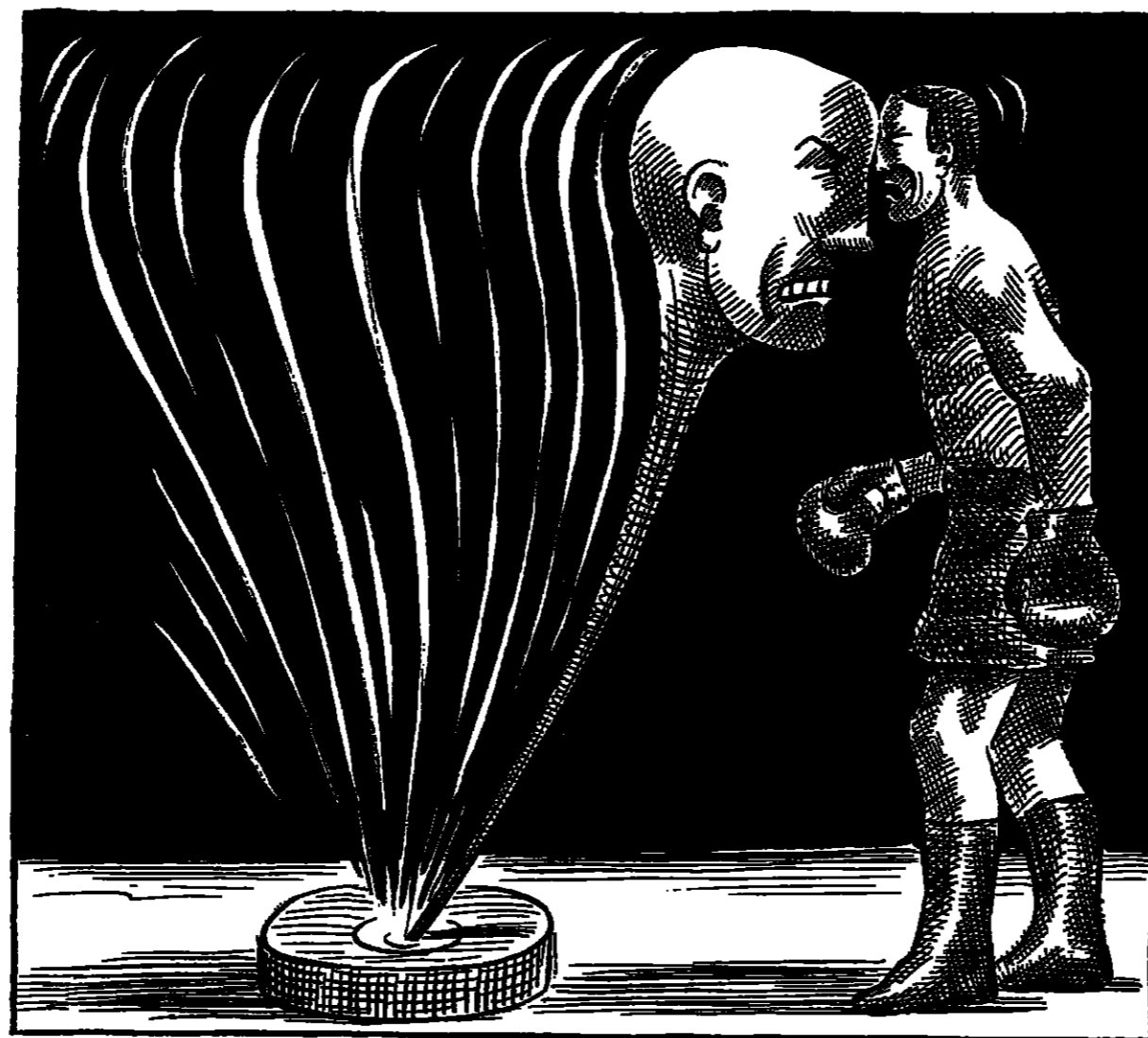
At Sharm el-Sheikh, Islamist terrorism is confronted by international rhetoric, if not by much else. And even though Russia was on the "right" side at the Summit of the Peacemakers, there is still the rise and rise of Russian nationalism and neo-imperialism, which could give us a communist president by the summer.

Mrs Thatcher caught the mood of the moment, although with her usual capacity to take everything to the point of caricature. In her strange speech at Fulton, Missouri, a missile shield for America and Europe takes the place of Winston Churchill's iron curtain. She spoke of rogue nations, but also of China, and of the dangers of a revanchist Russia — of the very same circle of enemies, even if they are not wearing quite the same ideological clothes, with which the West contended in the old days. Her implication is that just as Europe and America were

forced by events in the second half of the forties to discard their illusions about the peace that had been won in 1945, so events are pushing us toward a similar moment of truth in the second half of the nineties.

It would be hard to deny that old patterns of conflict are reasserting themselves. The US Navy has been called the midwife of independent Taiwan, which would not have survived in 1950 without American warships.

Its services, it seems, are still required in 1996. As in the Taiwan Straits, so in Eastern Europe, where the question of who shall be the primary influence — Russia or the West — is raised in new form by the dispute over Nato membership. In the Islamic world, the long battle with those who resist Western influence and will not accept Israel's existence, on even though some former enemies have become partial allies.



starting point must be that the West has indeed been a victim of its own illusions. Three, in particular, have misled. The first is the sugary idea that there are no real conflicts of interest. The second is the self-deluding idea that western countries are never themselves aggressors, or determined holders-on to what they have historically controlled. The third is the very partial idea that money and prosperity are absolute solvents of conflict, that in consumption can be found a replacement for the consumption of historic ambitions for power, revenge, and self-respect.

The more hardheaded approach notes that countries and civilisations do not normally give up their historic ambitions because their ruling institutions change. Rather, ruling institutions change because the previous ones were failing to match those ambitions.

In Russia, the most consistent element in the varied and changing period of reform has been the impulse to reverse decline and overcome the failures of the past. Democracy, the free market, the dissolution of the Union were, for many, although not all of those who took these decisions, ulti-

mately instrumental measures in the search for Russian greatness. For some Russians, democracy ought to be part of greatness. For others, reversion to a qualified authoritarianism might, equally, be instrumental also. Whatever serves the cause.

With China, it was always a mistake to imagine that Chinese ambitions could be satisfied by economic growth and trade alone, with the addition of some "security architecture" for East Asia, an architecture aimed at binding China into collective institutional arrangements.

China wants greatness, power, and respect. Economic growth and trade are means to that end, but not the only means, and a security architecture which reduced Chinese influence to a single vote is not an attractive option. The sham war against Taiwan is not about Taiwanese political independence, but about Taiwanese independence of mind.

In the Islamic world, we find other societies agonised over their relative decline and aspiring to greatness but much,

much further away from any achievement that, even in crude terms, could be so called. A certain kind of war against Israel and the West has survived, sadly but not surprisingly, in these circumstances. It is sustained by Iran's assumption of the leading role in the attempt to restore the fortunes of Islam, and by rivalries between Iran and other Muslim states. To say, as the previous head of Stubb did recently, that "Without money, there is no terror" is a half-truth. Hamas is not just a creation of money, and until the forces and ideas it represents get some limited accommodation, just as the Israelis and the PLO did before they gave up the terror weapon, there will be no end.

A nasty China, a less nasty but still worrying Russia, a terrorist front in the Middle East, is not the most brilliant of prospects. It is even dangerous, as Mrs Thatcher says. But this is not Mao's China, nor is it Stalin's Russia, nor is it the hopeless Middle East of the past. Russia will be voting soon, even if we worry about the results. China is restive precisely because Taiwan is holding free elections. The struggle in the Middle East is fought out in the spaces

between elections, whether those just completed — and not completely fraudulent — in Iran or those to come in Israel. Democracy is everywhere, even if it is sometimes the democracy of the draft.

We could not expect to discard overnight, just because there had been some political changes, the traditions of power and primacy which motivate states and civilisations, including our own. Both the United States and Western Europe, in their different ways, also live off this kind of capital. The difference is that we were, historically, the winners and intend, with adjustments, to remain so. The other difference is that we frequently fail to admit either of these things.

# Should I call the shots?



Sara Maitland

**M**Y 14-YEAR-OLD son wants an air rifle. He can afford to buy one with money he has earned himself, but the law does not permit him to purchase it, nor pellets for it, so he is dependent on my consent.

Obviously, I would not be writing this if I was not confused. A part of me is not just consenting, but fairly sure that an air rifle is a healthy thing for a 14-year-old to want. I was brought up in a culture of guns, guns handled responsibly and within the law: to this day my mother alarms unsuspecting visitors by leaping from the breakfast table to shoot rabbits through the dining-room window.

I was taught to shoot with my brothers and sisters — 10 shots with a .22 at a hand-made target before breakfast and warm rewards from adults for accuracy. I never promoted myself to a shot-gun, though I could have if I'd wanted. My brothers all did; one of my sisters stalks. Gun handling was treated as normal, though there were firmly-imposed rules.

Within that context, part of me feels, there were long days of healthy exercise — infinitely preferable to long days shooting electronic objects on a TV screen — and sociability. There were quiet evenings of solitude. There were magical moments. There was real responsibility. There was the learning of a manual and physical skill. There was the sense of contributing to the family meals — and if you shot, you skinned or plucked and gutted. There was a knowing of the topography of a place, a quietness, a sense of movement and stillness and patience rewarded.

In theory all these things are as achievable without a gun in hand as with, but in fact my son would not get up before dawn and tramp damp woodlands looking for deer, and seeing fox cubs at play and duck rising off small lakes at dawn, unless my brother-in-law had inspired him with the offer of a poss-

ible shot at rabbits, pigeons or rooks, which are all, like it or not, destructive vermin in our particular neck of the woods, just as rats are in more urban surroundings.

This winter he had a job beating for a local shoot; he has made friends — with adults as well as peers, earned some money (which is why he can afford the air rifle).

Of course, also, it would be nice if he kept the rabbits off the countryside and had some fun. Of course he wants an air rifle.

There is the question of class. There was a man on television earlier this week who represented some field sports society and everything he said stank of class privilege: it was all right for people like "us" to have guns because we were responsible citizens, but "they" were another matter — criminals or nutters. This seems dangerous.

People shoot other people more in a society where guns are socially as well as legally legitimised. This is a fact. However well-behaved my son is with his gun in the country, I know perfectly well that in his inner city comprehensive his shooting activities give him status.

Gun culture is macho. As a feminist I simply don't want him there. I am deeply divided. I know what I really want. I want him to come to me and say "in the light of events this week, I don't want to have an air rifle; not because I have changed my desires, nor because I think an air rifle will turn me into a murderous maniac, but because at this moment giving up would be a social contribution, would be relating my desires to the needs of a community".

In other words I want him — that is not me — to take responsibility. It is almost certainly not going to. In miniature, then, I am forced to decide on a question that should be confronting us all: is the danger of guns in this society now greater than the danger of further infringing the liberties of people who use their freedom innocently?

# Smallweed



**I**T HAS come to my notice that some readers find it hard to disentangle their feelings in the intertwined issues of Charles and Diana and Will and Julia. There are clearly discernible factions aligned with

Charles and Diana, but in Smallweed's experience some of these people have difficulty in forming clear-cut views on the now equally doomed Carling marriage. In the hope of offering comfort to the perplexed I consulted the ubiquitous analyst Dr Perje Rassaud, who recommended the use of the Blameometer which adorns today's column. "So good for crystallising one's deepest emotions" the sage enthuses.

It's extremely simple to use. Just ask yourself: who do you blame the more for the state of the royal marriage: Charles or Diana? Him or her? Then put the same question about Will and Julia. A space is provided for those who blame both parties equally. There are nine possible permutations, each of which is accommodated in a space in the Blameometer.

Further copies of this table can be obtained from Smallweed Enterprises for a nominal sum (£350). This can be used to resolve similar difficulties if one's friends embark on inter-twined divorces. Readers who don't give a damn about any of this gallantry might like to note that the Blameometer also provides the ideal format for noughts and crosses.

**A**LL THIS assumes, of course, that C and D and W and J are free agents, driven by impulse, whim and fatal attraction, rather than puppets in a tortuous game devised by some gifted screenwriter. Such are the twists and turns of the story that Smallweed rather favours the screenwriter and even suspects a plot by the ubiquitous Emma Thompson to land a further award if after Sense And Sensibility. If so, I'm

prepared to offer for a nominal sum (£350,000) the idea for a further potential twist in the script. This is, that once the royal divorce is over, Charles should marry Julia. As Bertrand Russell loved to point out, nothing unites a people or a society like the shared experience of an external threat. Charles and Julia are already united by the experience of such a threat (Diana), and may also be linked by another: a shared

CHARLES AND DIANA		HM		HER		BOTH	
		HM	HER	BOTH	HM	HER	BOTH
WILL AND JULIA	BOTH	HM	HER	BOTH	HM	HER	BOTH
		HM	HER	BOTH	HM	HER	BOTH

dislike, even fear, of Rugby Union football. Charles over the years has shown little interest in the game, while Julia is said to have carried team mates of Carling by refusing to watch him playing.

A further ingenious twist in the story, again available for a nominal sum (£3.5 million) would see Diana betrothed to the ubiquitous Carling. So entranced would all four players be come with the symmetry of this solution that a joint wedding would be arranged. Since all four would then be divorced people, this could not be in church, thus destroying my hopes of calling this episode Incense And Insensibility. I can see no bar, however, to the use of Westminster Hall, or Prince Charles's model village of Poundbury (which by then, I suppose, will have changed its name to Eurobury.)

**I**N THE LIGHT of the Dunblane killings, I see, the planned release of the video version of the highly successful movie Natural Born Killers has been sensitively postponed until a more appropriate moment. An appropriate moment, I suppose this means, to resume dissemination of the message that serial killings, or as people now call them, killing sprees, are fun.

Just when, I wonder, will it be judged that this moment has dawned? I think I have enough confidence in the innate good taste and decency of the people who market this stuff to predict that it won't be till after the Dunblane funerals.

**T**OBY Jessel (Con, Twickenham): When a puffer meets a buffer, one of them is bound to suffer. If the buffer, then the puffer knows itself to be the

rougher. If the puffer, then the buffer knows itself to be the tougher. If the puffer and the buffer both unabashedly should suffer, then the buffer knows the puffer must be driven by a duffer. There are a lot of duffers in this place, and most of them are on the other side of the House.

Brian Wilson (shadow transport spokesman): I was trying, on the back of an envelope, to compete with the poetic efforts of the honourable member for Twickenham. I got as far as:

This debate has concluded without rancour. Although the last speaker was the honourable member for Twickenham \* Commons debate on London Transport, Wednesday.

A lawyer writes: Mr Jessel appears to have been quoting "Traffic and Theatre Rhymes" by Guy Boas. Nothing in the preceding

should be construed *res ipsa loquitur* or *quid scera fames* as an imputation that the member for Twickenham composed these words himself, though knowing Toke, one wouldn't have put it past him.

**M**Y APPEAL for help in pronouncing Shrewsbury has produced, I am happy to say, not one but two authoritative rulings. The first, from Cornwall, is based on assiduous research among the townspeople and concludes that since Shroo is their overwhelming preference, it must be correct. So that settles it: it is Shroosbury.

The other, based on diligent scrutiny of ancient maps, says the place was once spelled Shroosbury. So that settles it: it is Shroosbury. I trust that this will be helpful to readers.



# Pitfalls on the VIP road to Dunblane



Martin Kettle

IT COULD have happened anywhere. But it didn't. It happened in Dunblane, and that particularity is full of little consequences which would not follow if it had happened in Dorchester, Howlais or Doncaster, as it might just as easily have done.

Disaster engulfed Dunblane with the arbitrariness of a space satellite crashing uncontrollably to earth. The human responses were spontaneous and universal. But, occurring where it did, the Dunblane disaster has also set off a set of cultural and political responses precise to the place itself.

Goodness knows what the odds are of such a thing happening in a constituency whose MP is also the relevant Cabinet minister and in the very town where that minister's opposite number himself lives. Yet as we all now know, Dunblane is in Michael Forsyth's seat and George Robertson lives there.

Both men were propelled to Dunblane by events, with barely a second thought. Nevertheless, they are politicians and it is inconceivable that there was no party descent to the politicians' dignified double act.

Part of this derives simply from the fact that Dunblane is in Scotland. As Scottish secretary, Forsyth has the difficult task of representing a nation which votes overwhelmingly against his party year after year. Robertson, by contrast, leads the ruling party of Scotland. Given the coincidence of the disaster occurring in Dunblane, there was also political judgment in the two rivals coming together in a bipartisan response.

Every other day of the year, these men are running against each other for office. Forsyth sits for the most marginal seat in Scotland and the sixth most winnable constituency on Labour's target list. He would not be a politician if he did not grasp that beneath the grief Dunblane was also an unsought opportunity to promote himself. Nor would Robertson be a politician if somewhere deep down he did not appreciate those implications too, and the need to neutralise them.

Yet bipartisan politics can sometimes have a deeper impulse. Yesterday John Major went to Dunblane, accompanied by Tony Blair. Both men seemed at ease with the situation. If ever an event symbolised the difference between the public politics of the 1980s and those of the 1990s then this was it. Imagine how Margaret Thatcher would have responded to Dunblane. She would have been on the first plane north, chasing ambulances and photo opportunities, milking it, with Neil Kinnock left on the runway.

Major had to go to Dunblane, I suppose. It was a well-intentioned human gesture and, on balance, probably a necessary public duty too. And presumably Blair felt he had to accompany him, for the same mix of reasons. But it is interesting that Major agreed. For if Blair, then why not Paddy Ashdown? Or Alex Salmond of the Scottish Nationalists? Or even David Trimble? Where do such lists of wraith-layers stop?

In the circumstances it is easy to sympathise with those in Dunblane who began to voice a certain resentment at the VIP trippers yesterday. Dunblane has suffered an unbelievable horror. What a lot of its people need more than anything is time and space. Anyone who does not actually need to be in Dunblane ought to find other ways of showing their support than visiting the stricken town.

And yet an event like this does require that someone speaks for the rest of us and symbolises our collective, national solidarity. Yet who is that person, and why? Dunblane exposes lack of clarity in

our societal understanding of that delicate but immensely resonant problem.

On these islands very large numbers of us no longer know instinctively and without reservation what our nationhood is and therefore who represents it for us. The particularity of Dunblane in this respect is obviously its Scottishness, but this factor ought not to be oversimplified or romanticised.

THE overlap of Scottishness and Britishness is just one among many muddying problems of contemporary identity. There are others, including race, gender, community and even politics. What they add up to as a whole is uncertainty.

Some, perhaps even most, will be impatient with all this. They will say that in reality, whatever else we are, we are all British. The clear embodiment of our Britishness, especially at such a moment as this, is the head of state. If anyone ought to go to Dunblane and be understood as representing us all, it is the Queen.

The Queen is indeed going to Dunblane on Monday — accompanied, interestingly in the circumstances, by the Princess Royal. Her visit is not without controversy, since it risks becoming entangled with the funerals, and sharp words have been heard from some betrayed parents about the mix-up.

But the real issue is surely more subtle. The VIP route to Dunblane and the delicate difficulties it is provoking are proof of the monarch's damaged position in our life. She has lost her unchallengeable grip on the nation. She has become one among many who claim to represent us, albeit still the most important one. But she now has to take her turn along with Blair and Major, Forsyth and Robertson, Kirsty Wark and Lorraine Kelly and all the rest of those who speak for us in their various ways at moments such as this.

Just as politicians seem to be acquiring a position which is not necessarily theirs to occupy, so the royal family are now less capable of exercising a position which at one time

was theirs beyond challenge. Because they are damaged goods, they cannot so easily do the only thing they are there to do. Neither Prince Charles nor Princess Diana can now plausibly represent us in a situation like Dunblane. Were they to try to do so, it would be seen as a publicity stunt. Even the Queen has to tread more carefully now.

It would be an exaggeration to claim that Dunblane embodies the current crisis in the British state and constitution. But in an important and very serious way it does cast light upon it. Confronted with the unimaginable horror of the death of many children, our society wants to put its arms around Dunblane and let the people there know that we care. But the traditional means of doing this no longer work in the way they once did. Dunblane is above all a personal, familial and community catastrophe. But it is also a national moment. The uncertain credibility of our rituals and symbols tells us yet again that something needs to be mended in Britain.

# Utopian — and on tap

## CATHERINE BENNETT on visions of the future at the Ideal Home Exhibition

FOR MANY years, the great draw of the Ideal Home Exhibition has been its awesome lack of attractions. In an uncertain world, it can be depended upon never to show anything essential, covetable or interesting. For the acquisitive, a tour of two great hangars containing thousands of products which they would actually pay not to own is a tonic.

Inevitably there are pedants who say that an exhibition called Ideal Home, should exhibit some Ideal Homes. Every March they write articles in broadsheet newspapers, denigrating the tackiness of the latest "show-village", and recalling the days when fam-

the countryside, not the city is in demand: each day 300 people quit towns for rural, or formerly rural areas.

Already, 20,000 acres of land are consumed each year; according to projections by The Council for the Protection of Rural England, one-fifth of England will be urbanised by 2050. How will the landscape look?

It will look like the Earl's Court show village. Except worse. The show village houses have spaces between them. "I'd live in that one", said one woman, who admired the steel-framed, brick-faced "Duchess", with its pitched-roof double garage, Victorian-style canopies and white plastic windows. "But where these houses are built, they're



Living Barbie (above) makes an appearance at the Ideal Home Exhibition which showcases the latest household goods

ous architects used to show interestingly-shaped pods and boxes in which, it was imagined, the residents of the future would one day consume their food pills and make telephone calls to the moon. Where are the pods of yesterday, these critics demand. Where is the visionary, the glimpse of the future?

In an unsettling turn of events, this year's Exhibition provides not just a glimpse, but a fair-sized vista of how Britain will look in years to come. It will look like the Earl's Court show village: a landscape of steel-framed houses, customised with assorted heritage claddings.

In the past, it was possible to make light of the Earl's Court show village, and pray that a shrinking population of these abject constructions. Besides, after the housing slump, who would want to invest in them?

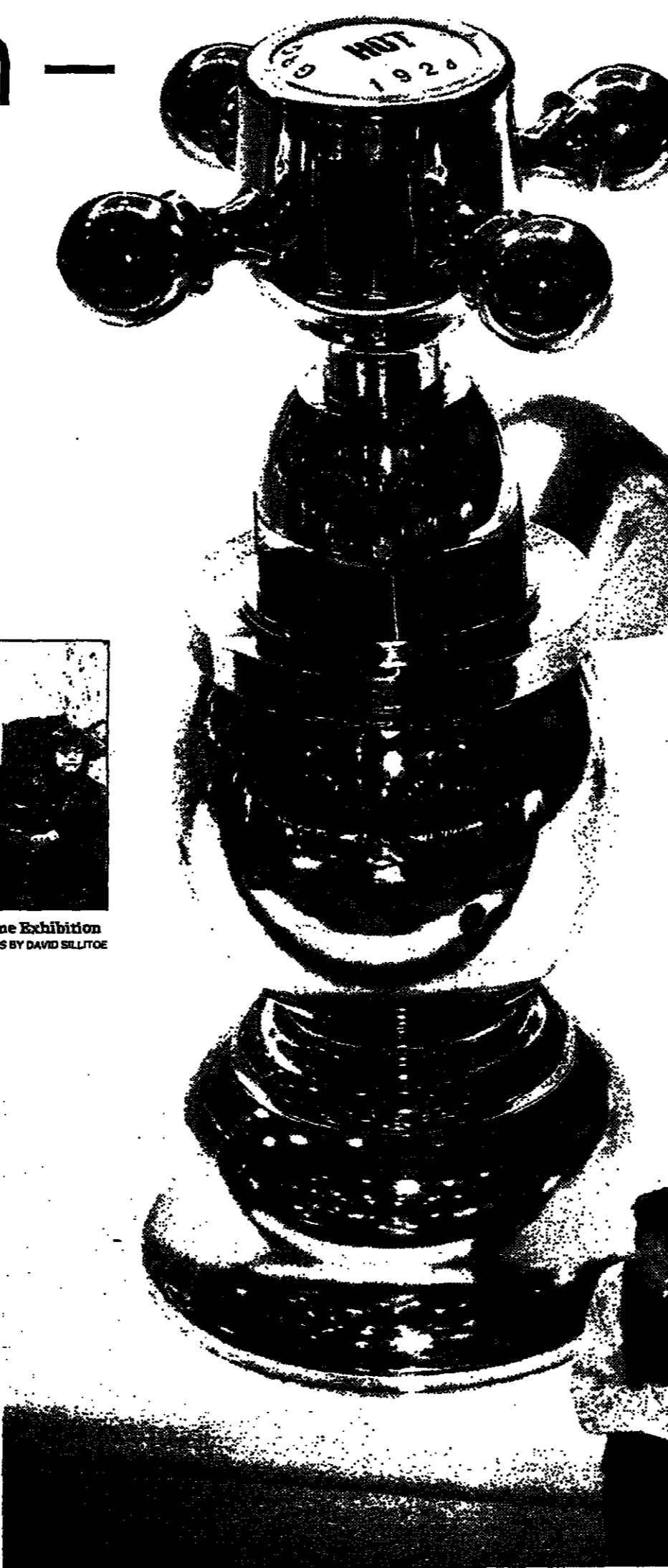
Now government figures suggest that 4.4 million new homes will be required by the year 2016. Rather than full spaces within existing towns, developers prefer to build "bolt-on" settlements for urban sprawl, or better still, new towns and new villages on green-field sites. After all,

always built far too close to one another. They have enormous houses, with no gardens.

The show village is built by a company called Bellway. In the Bellway catalogue, now being liberally distributed to visitors, illustrations show each house — the "Winchester", the "Portland", the "Duchess" — in an individual glade, with a view of empty blue sky and towering trees. But Britain is too small for that. Each house belongs to a development.

The Winchester, for example, is part of an executive colony in south Northamptonshire, "a rural setting, ideal for those who wish to live away from the hectic pace and rumbling sounds of urban life...". If any human relics of rural life still survive in this area, they are unlikely to be able to afford the executive price of £145,000.

Another ideal home, rendered in cream to give "the character of a Victorian rectory", is now available at a development in the "mainly rural parish of Ashington... two miles north of the old market town of Rochford." This one, with its meagre windows and old-worldie gables, is a favourite with visitors.



"I like the eaves and the things they do on them now", says one woman. "They're not so plain as they used to be, people are going back to the old things. In Cambridge we have hundreds and hundreds like this."

On a plump double bed, in the Duchess's master-bedroom, lies a copy of the Bellway annual report. The chairman boasts of buoyant sales, and a bright future, as "planning permission has increased from 12,000 plots to some 14,000 plots."

But this is not enough. "It is clear that Britain needs new homes", says the report, adding that Bellway supports the "new villages concept", and developments "on the fringe of the countryside".

Ideal Home visitors think differently. It's not modernism that's wrong, it's phoney, artless, witless modernism. "I don't want to live in an office block," says one visitor, as she

Whatever the ostensible period — Elizabethan, Georgian, Gustavian — applied decoration is now compulsory in the popular ideal home. As Adolf Loos wrote in his 1908 manifesto against ornament, applied decoration is a crime no different from graffiti.

Here, spread over 14 acres, is proof that Terence Conran's manifesto, "A Taste for Simplicity", has been disdainfully rejected by the masses. "It's not decoration itself that is wrong," he wrote in his 1985 House Book. "It's phoney, artless, witless decoration."

Ideal Home visitors think differently. It's not modernism that's wrong, it's phoney, artless, witless modernism. "I don't want to live in an office block," says one visitor, as she

emerged from the Winchester. "I want the feeling of a warm home, the modern stuff doesn't give you that." In practice, this means that even a white towel must be applied to the housing mix and design. Only in the most exceptional circumstances should elected representatives overrule professional recommendations...

But Bellway's potential customer-architects are notably incurious on matters of housing design. Asked for an opinion on the show-homes, they comment, immediately, on the interiors: "No fitted wardrobes"; "Those curtains with bobbles — they're dust traps." "What about the outside? Very nice, is the general feeling. "Very nice", says Graham Weston, who is currently building a new home, in a village near Ely. "The brick finish is very nice; the roof's very nice — blends in quite well."

What's his ideal home? "A Georgian mansion, set in 20 acres." Inside the show homes, designers have striven to suggest that houses built in 11 days are in fact venerable cottages and mansees; chrome white goods — in fact white itself — have all been judged too avant-garde for comfort. Straight lines are buried beneath an avalanche of swags, pelmets and cushions. The Winchester's sitting room attempts an Edwardian look with a cornice, picture rail, baronial fireplace, dado rail and an accretion of at least 10 differently patterned fabrics and papers.

Even as a crowd, Ideal Home visitors look like ideal neighbours: they are civil and quiet, thrifty and respectable. Their desire for detached houses, far from dirt and crime, seems reasonable enough. Their only offence is against the countryside, which will soon, if they have their way, be crushed beneath the backbone of Britain into one continuous suburb: the biggest show-village in the world.

Inside, designers have striven to suggest that houses built in 11 days are in fact venerable cottages

## Tonight's Bruno-Tyson fight is the last straw. Even fans like LAURA THOMPSON are sick of the never-ending sports circus

# That's enough hype, Harry

IN THE early hours of tomorrow morning, Frank Bruno will defend his WBC world heavy-weight boxing title against Mike Tyson. It is a big sporting occasion. It has, indeed, been billed "the fight of the century". But for one, will not be watching it. Although I know people who pay for satellite television, I know no one who has paid the additional £9.95 (or, as of yesterday, £14.95) that will buy them the right to watch the fight on Sky Sports.

doors of bars, like a hungry-eyed student looking for a party, in the hope of finding a crowd of drunks shouting "Bruno-no, Bruno-no-oh". A couple of years ago, the thought of missing Bruno-Tyson would have been unbearable. It would have induced in me a kind of painful panic; I would have become unstopably resourceful in my quest to see the fight. A couple of years ago, something about the idea of a sporting event — its power, its communal-ity, its atmosphere — had the ability to energise me in a profound and precious

way. Now even if you put a ringside ticket in my hand, and give me the fare, I doubt if I could be bothered to step on the plane which would take me to Las Vegas.

The truth is that sport is becoming a bore. Watching it feels, all too often, like eating a meal where you are already stuffed as full as a sofa. Over the past few years it has had an extremely good run, during which it has moved to the forefront of our collective consciousness, but it may not hold its position there for too much longer.

By last week, only 8 per cent of Sky subscribers had forked out their tender for the fight, and many people regarded being asked for that tender as an insufferable chore. Does this signify, perhaps, a TV turning point in our seemingly insatiable love affair with sport?

Football has been for some time now the king in

people's hearts. But even those who love the game would have to admit that it is becoming a terrible drag. As with all the worst bores, you can't get away from it. It used to be that football would be there for us every Saturday — almost as certainly as the day itself — and that these workman-like appearances would be interspersed, deliciously, with the more glamorous cameo roles played by cup competitions.

Now, however, Premier League, Endsleigh League, FA Cup, Coca-Cola Cup, Serie A, Cup Winners' Cup, UEFA Cup, European Cup and so on all segue into one another, forbidding any sense of context. Of course, you don't have to watch all these games. But the fact of their existence — the fact that the FA Cup, which used to possess a special spring-like charm, is now almost indistinguishable from any other

competition — has a strangely numbing effect upon the spectator's capacity for pleasure.

And yet sport itself remains, in essence, the same as it ever was. At the heart of a game there is still an unquestioning innocence. It is not sport that is the problem, it is the trappings, the hype, the chit-chat and personality cults.

Hype has made sport desirable to people who never before saw it as a part of their lives. But, however cleverly it still controls the ball, hype is coming close to scoring an own goal with it.

Hype has given to sport the rough glamour of rock and roll, the impregnable sheen of Hello! magazine and the importance of world politics. It has turned

athletes into spokespeople, sex symbols, demi-gods. It has handed sport a passport to walk within the glittering worlds of entertainment and media.

In so doing, it has made millions for large numbers of managers, agents and athletes; and, of course, for men like Rupert Murdoch, whose BSkyB television company does ever more to satiate the apparently infinite appetite for more sport.

But, by making sport so overwhelmingly fashionable, hype has also created the possibility that it might become unfashionable. And that, I think, is what is starting to happen. Sport is beginning to acquire the air of a Prada handbag, or a Blur single. It is still trendy, and certainly it is still inhabiting the world of trendiness, but it is becoming increasingly obvious that a time will come when it is no longer trendy.

There will be casualties when this happens. For the rest of us, though, it will be wonderful. A ludicrously over-inflated bubble will burst, and sport will — is this too much to hope for? — be restored to its rightful place.

When it becomes less saleable, there will have to be less of it. Even better, there will have to be less talk about it. It will become important in a calmer, more therapeutic way. It will be revealed again for what it is: part of our lives, but not an indicator of how they should be lived. Those who hype the Bruno-Tyson contest as "the fight of the century" will be treated — as perhaps in some quarters they already are — with the humorous disdain that they deserve. And those who, like me, love sport but can't stand what it has become, will again feel the desire to watch.



Only a fanatic few are truly excited by such staged events



On the scrawl on the wall

WAS pleased to see your editorial about my son Simon Sunderland (Sentencing that is off the wall, the three eggs involve two different legal systems (British and American). Second, the fact that the odd graffiti artist has some of his works recognised as art cannot be an excuse for the vandalism of public property.

YOUR leader on the alleged inconsistencies of approach towards graffiti is far too simplistic. First, these eggs involve two different legal systems (British and American). Second, the fact that the odd graffiti artist has some of his works recognised as art cannot be an excuse for the vandalism of public property.



No volunteers for a daft idea

YOUR caption-writer (No pay, no say?) No way, March 13) compounds Richard Gutch's lack of clarity around the distinction between volunteering and the voluntary sector.

SO, people in the charity world are lobbying for a Minister of the Voluntary Sector (Guardian Society, March 13). For what purpose? Volunteers don't need charities. They do need good causes, most of which can be more effectively provided by taxation.

Lessons to be learnt from Dunblane Primary One

I FIND it sickening that you should use a tragedy such as Dunblane to call for tighter controls over guns (Leader, March 13). Neither Richard Ryan nor Thomas Hamilton should have been granted firearms certificates.

MAN who stalks the Princess of Wales is arrested and forcibly provided with one month's psychiatric care. A man described as a weirdo and a loner, with a history of interest in young boys and other signs of deviant behaviour, not only remains unchecked and untreated in the community, but is permitted to belong to a gun club.

THOMAS Hamilton's mass slaughter demonstrated a blind hatred against humanity and himself. The psychodynamics of this are typical of such atrocities: social rejection, an excessive sense of inferiority, a lust for compensatory power, and profound emotional immaturity.

YOUR "Roll of carnage" (March 14) contains only men. Can we surmise that these behaviours represent the pathological extreme of male socialisation, and derive from the way men handle their emotions and relationships, the way we solve problems, the way aggression is valued and channelled, and a hundred other aspects of learnt maleness?

FEEL considerable disquiet at the ease with which Hamilton was able to start and run a Woodcraft Youth Group until recently and it was policy that no adult should supervise youths at any time without the presence of another adult group member.

THE horrific events at Dunblane should not blind us to the fact that children are in greater danger from their immediate families than from that demonic icon, the lone deranged gunman. Violence and abuse are meted out routinely by people who children are encouraged to trust; attacks by strangers are fortunately very rare and - despite knee-jerk responses from the usual sources - almost impossible to predict.

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Dramatic ideas

MICHAEL BILLINGTON writes (Fabulous five, March 13) that the single play for television is a "dead duck" and it's the theatre that keeps the flag flying for original writing and new voices.

Why Europe is hours ahead

YOUR coverage of the decision of the European Court of Justice to reject the British government's attempt to overturn the European Commission directive on working hours (Guardian, March 13) did not sufficiently explain the position of transport workers.

Amplification from Ampleforth

MAGGIE O'KANE's attempt to yoke her story to the tragic death of a monk, despite the fact that he was not a member of the school staff, smacks more of tabloid than of the special character of her headline seems to have demanded the sacrifice of both balance and accuracy.

Class action

FAR from feeling any "embarrassment" at the findings of research into classroom-based teacher training (Guardian, March 15), the Association of Teachers and Lecturers is delighted to find that the smooth delivery of a hastily thought-through Government reform is a result of the sheer hard work of teachers.

A Country Diary

NORTH PEMBROKESHIRE: We drove down to Dale in the south of the county. The wind cut us through the sunshine as we looked at the boom-sheltered estuary. Suddenly a pair of goldeneyes appeared.

Line for information

"No, you need another number." You dial "Press or media?" "Neither, I just want to find out..." "No, you must dial the Helpline." The confusion of spring's impediment to their spring. Ravens are calling to each other, renewing the bond, they fly powerfully up and hurdle down. Excited jackdaws squabble over chimney pots. Buzzards mew and wheel, higher and higher.



# Sue Ellen slurs again

So you thought it was safe to watch TV again? Here comes Dallas the sequel, warns JONATHAN FREEDLAND

JR's been in England, plotting his revenge. Cliff Barnes is readying for yet another showdown and Little John Ross has grown into a fine young man. The Ewings, the first TV dynasty of the 1980s, are back. They returned this week to the city they made famous by beginning a Dallas Reunion, a two-hour special to be screened in the US in May. Six years after CBS killed them off, studio executives are billing this as the greatest TV comeback since Bobby Ewing last came back from the dead. Rumour has it that if the show is a hit Dallas may live again, this time concentrating on the younger members of the oil-trading, spouse-swapping, power-crazed clan. There's even a provisional title: The Ewings - The Next Generation.



Sue Ellen: consumed gin and eye-liner by the bucketful

This would be good news for Larry Hagman (JR), Linda Gray (Sue Ellen) and the rest of the cast - whose post-Dallas careers have never quite matched their earlier glory. For Hagman, in particular, a few weeks' filming might be welcome convalescence from his liver transplant operation last year: throughout the 16 hours of surgery, doctors insisted on having the Dallas theme tune piped into the operating theatre.

But the chief beneficiaries of Dallas II are likely to be the owners of Southfork, the Texas ranch which served as the dysfunctional family's seat. For Southfork is a real place - a second only to the site of John F Kennedy's assassination as Dallas's leading tourist attraction. Half a million visitors a year pay homage at the house that Jock built.

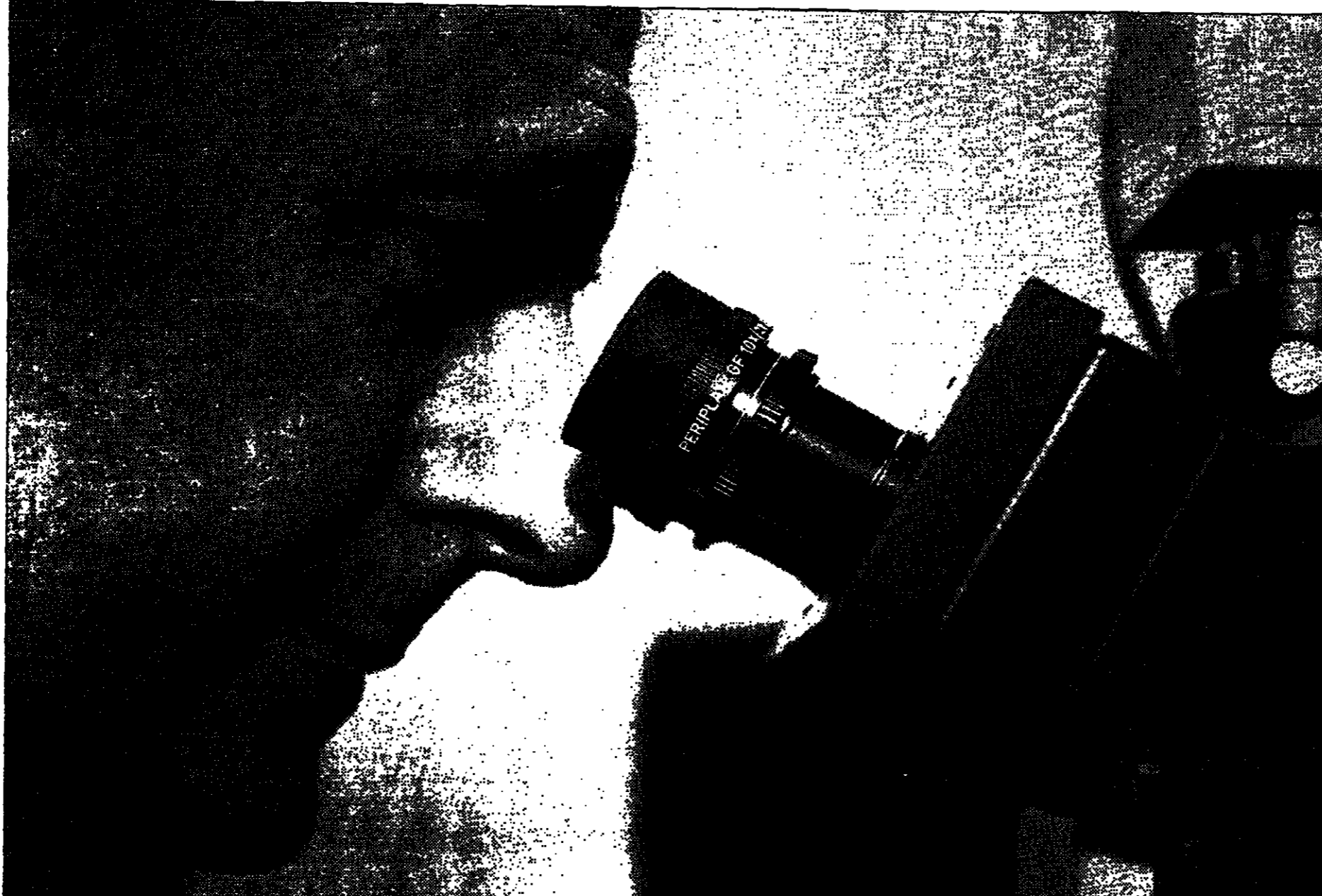
It turns out the Ewing ranch really existed, built in 1970 by a JR - JR Duncan. TV executives flying over Texas looking for a house that looked right, landed their helicopter in Mr Duncan's garden and made him an offer he couldn't refuse. The Southfork you remember, at least from the outside, is the Southfork you see.

"Unbelievable," cooed Robert Hall, an algebra professor from the University of Kentucky and Dallas addict. He was standing at the very patio where Miss Ellie presided over a thousand breakfasts, marvelling at the pool where Lucy - the poison dwarf - posed in her bikini. "I knew it'd be little. I knew it." Mr Hall muttered to his family. He was right. The Southfork pool is tiny. Mirrors made it look bigger, but the

glass, and there's a family tree, entitled Mrs. Lies and Commitments. Red lines link characters by marriage, blue is for relatives, and white is for "bastards". There's a lot of white lines leading to JR.

It's all deliciously eighties, from the corporate excess to Sue Ellen's improbably heavy eye-liner. But Southfork has adapted. Now they welcome not just tourists, but conventions and even weddings. Couples use the Old Barons' Ballroom and have a JR lookalike give away the bride.

Why Dallas was such a smash is not difficult to fathom. It was America's first evening soap opera; the rest were all in the afternoon. And it seemed terribly glamorous. "You saw the grandeur of it all: money, power, oil, wealth," says Professor Hall. "And it was family oriented." Who else, besides the Waltons, all lived under one roof? Preston Brown, a tax appraiser, was worried about his two young daughters, oblivious to the Ewing history all around them. "In 15 years, people are not going to know what this was all about. Would that be a loss?" Yes, it would," he said. In America this stuff matters.



Gene genie Jones... 'My desire now is to get back into biological research. The role of being a communicator of science is far more ignoble than being a scientist. But someone has to do it'

# Talking 'bout my gene ration - the pornographer of science

JOHN CUNNINGHAM meets biologist Steve Jones, whose TV series In The Blood traces DNA's history. Photograph: DAVID SILLITOE

A shabby building in a remote street beside Euston station in London, a small, wiry man with a hairy chest and exhibitionist tendencies is preparing to seduce a crowd of painters who've dodged the five o'clock rush to listen to his spiel on all they don't know about sex. By the time you read this, Steve Jones will have stunned several hundred people, anonymous in their overcoats, on the theme 'The Meaning Of Sex: Stimulated but not titillated, for Jones is an exhibitionist in the way of brilliant academics and last night, as one of our best science communicators, he gave the annual Haldane Lecture at University College London, where he is professor of genetics.

It was one small though poisonous window through which the public peers during Science Week. But after the annual binge of boffins which the Government promotes to convince us it's doing right by science, we'll be seeing Jones the Genetic Wiz through the huge window of BBC2 in a six-part series which will make our series as familiar to us as the cast of EastEnders. The series airs in May, but before that Jones is doing his bit for Science Week, happy to oblige an interested public, but unabashedly cynical - as a proclaimed socialist - about the Government's motives. After all, there have been three such weeks, with a different departmental minister in charge each time, he says. He fishes out a Downing Street invite from the rubble of his office. "How John Major can have a reception to 'Celebrate

the excellence of UK science, engineering and technology... that has a hollow ring to anyone working in these fields. To mourn the death of UK science' would be more accurate. You can see what he means. After a year's unpaid leave to make the series, In The Blood, Jones, now 51, is back in the lab with no research funding. His last 10 or so applications have been turned down, so intense is the competition. It seems a run way for the grant-givers to treat a leading geneticist, who has set a fast pace through his research with those slowest of creatures - snails.

"My strong desire now is to get back into biological research. It's hard to get money, but that's not unique, although I do make a point of whining and bitching about it in a particularly graceless fashion. But it happens to lots of people and I will shortly be putting in two more applications. And long may they float." Jones is a great one for self-deprecation, and he's lethally accurate about the dilemma of being a biologist with a public following. "I'm a sort of pornographer of science. The role of being a communicator of science is far more ignoble than being a scientist. But someone has to do it." His clarity is captivating, but when you see him on screen, it won't be as the update on AJP Taylor's lecture, alas, of the 1980s. We're going to have six highly sophisticated documentaries with an engaging guide. The Taylor approach was tried in a pilot, says Jones, but audiences

wouldn't put up with so bald a presentation. Instead, he's been bemoaned his way round the world, pinning down the myths that cultures have about genes. So he traces the lost tribes of Israel, investigates the royal families where genetic risk is taken into account when members marry. And he shows how genetic differences across the planet are disappearing thanks to the possibility of transglobal travel for more and more of us. There's a bit of glamour attached to all this. After all, says Jones, laying aside his wand, it's fairly obvious that half the population of England is descended from William the Conqueror. And that "we're all a Lost Tribe of Israel". There's quite a whiff of the Bible about Jones - it was the first book about heredity and descent, as he points out. But also, the Good Book possibly appeals to his long-forgotten chapel: going as a boy, not that he's keen to resurrect it.

Anyway, away with belief - "I'm in the worst sort of agnostic imagination - I can't be bothered to go into it." What he is most concerned with is offering guidance at a time when the media is stuffed with tales of sheep being cloned, the battle of good genes versus the bad, and muddles over whether it's desirable to manipulate the genes of a tomato or a brain. It's fortunate the call came to him, completely out of the blue, as he puts it, from BBC TV's Alan Yentob, who heard his lucid Reith Lectures of five years ago, and wondered if he'd like to take on the task of keeping us televisually

abreast of advances in genetics. You bet, he said. However, Jones the Cautious added the rider: that he wanted to keep viewers' expectations realistic. With good reason: "My feeling is that people have extraordinarily over-stated hopes about what genetics will do for the future and what genes do for the present." He reckons we're all avid for news of advances in his sector, and his integrity leads him to warn that "there is a strange return almost to the middle of the 19th century, that everything is working itself out in the public mind according to some giant biological plan - people with good

example. Jones the Teacher, Jones the Preacher puts us right: "Gene therapy is unlikely to work in the next 50 years. Nevertheless, 50 per cent of people would accept gene therapy if they thought their baby was going to be born homosexual."

But if he's fairly gentle with a self-galling public, he's aware that notions of genetic pre-disposition can become dilemmas that are exploited by interested parties. And he doesn't exempt some of his own tribe from this failing: "Some scientists would love to be able to take over the function of the law, and say this person was condemned because of his genes, and that person was not. But the answer is that this is beyond the remit of science. Science has limits where race is concerned, where law is concerned." Fair enough, but as Jones gets known more and more outside his lab, and as the mantle of authority that a telly series bestows falls on him, isn't he under pressure to take a line on such issues? "I do take a line," says Jones the Guardian reader. "I view about almost everything are utterly predictable. They are standard milk-and-water Old Labour." Getting on a soapbox to air them is one thing, but taking the soapbox into the genetics forum is less successful, he says. In particular, it's because in part of the media "genetics equals fascism". But, he counters, "It doesn't. Genetics equals genetics; it is value-free." Yet in spite of his caution, Jones the Visionary is present, too, and that's one attribute that's going to make compelling television. It's the way he tells his tales of futurology: "The extraordinary fact is that if I cut my fingernail, it keeps growing. But if I cut my

finger off, it doesn't. Why the hell is that? My guess is that in the next two or three years, we'll know the answer, then suddenly all kinds of big things will become possible. "We're moving from understanding we have a message to being able to translate it into a language - how you get from a cell to a human being, that kind of stuff." Then, comes the cool coda: "But basic genetics is really over now."

If so where's the new magic? Jones replies that if he knew, he'd be on his way to a Nobel Prize. But he points out that the future of biology lies in what Darwin called "the mystery of mysteries" - what does a species consist of? "Modern genetics has broken down the species barrier; we can move genes between species in a test-tube, which is far more mind-blowing than cloning sheep."

"But we can only do it with particular genes. Maybe we will get to the situation where we'll have an animal that is simultaneously a cow, a sheep and a wheat plant. I think it is very far from impossible." He grins. There's a bit of the wizard in even the most level-headed geneticist. In his lab he is likely to have both a top-rated series and a best-selling book that goes with it to his credit. In spite of his wish to go back to academia, it's hard to believe he won't keep a foot both there and in the media. Jones is, after all, a practitioner of the updated version of CP Snow's Two Cultures. Now the division is not between arts and sciences, but within single disciplines. So there's a gap between the enclosed researcher and the academic the public loves. The good news is that Steve Jones strides that gap in genetics. The pulling power of the gene, you might say. A theory he wouldn't deny.

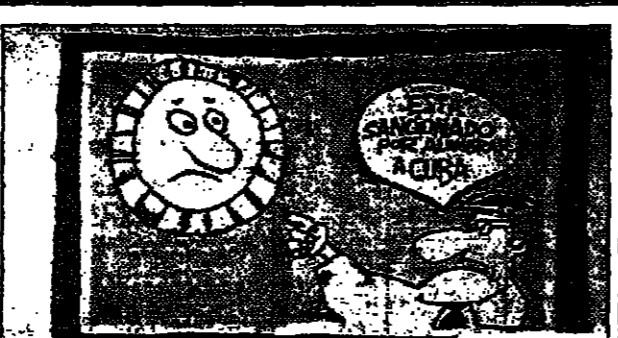
He offers guidance at a time when tales of cloned sheep and manipulated tomatoes and brains are rife

genes do this; people with bad genes do go to prison. But it ain't like that.

The problem is that every little thing in genetics makes front-page news now. "The classic case is these sodding sheep," says Jones the Vernacular. Monsters or Miracles? He searched the Daily Mail's front page over the cloning story. "I mean, do me a favour, that work was done in 1963. Biologists got excited about it then, but I don't think it got into the papers. Science hasn't changed - it's developed somewhat - but the public is on one of its periodic feeding frenzies."

You're nicked, for shining on Cuba - Havana mural

### ALEX BELLOS was biking round Cuba unaware - like the rest of the islanders - of any military crisis



# Ignorance is bliss until the writing appears on the wall

In a world where we are accustomed to lightning media analysis of even the most trivial news event, the slowness with which Cuba reacted internally to its own international crisis is particularly symbolic. Havana's graffiti artists only took to the streets this week to denounce the missile crisis. The incident last month which

put relations with the US back into the cold war deep-freeze. On Monday, a mural 50 metres long was finished in one of the city's main avenues. Full of images of frozen Americans killing Cubans, next to slogans criticising the US blockade and the separation of the Cuban people from their own country, the Helms-Burton bill.

Locals were walking past without a glance. For them it is a painful irony that while the buildings have not been painted for decades, there is always a fresh pot for portraits of Che Guevara and pithy reminders of the success of the revolution. When, three weeks ago, the Cuban military shot down two Cessnas flown by Florida-based anti-Castro

mercenaries, most of the island was blissfully oblivious for several days. While the world's media was dependent on increasing reporting and punditry, Habaneros were preparing for the end-of-baseball-season carnival. Holidaying in Cuba last month, my first inkling of an incident involving planes and guns came several days later, as the official Cuban media started, gradually, to let details trickle out. I had decided to cycle across the island but had underestimated the heat (it was unbearable). Motorway traffic being what it is in the light of the blockade and no subsidised Soviet oil, I parked up by a bridge and waited for the distant hum of an approaching vehicle. A man appeared 20 minutes later. He was hitching and had walked the last 10 miles. He looked at me with a slightly more crazed expression than the one I returned. Then he made plane exploding gestures and plane sinking to the bottom of the sea gestures. He laughed, and shrugged his shoulders.

An hour later, a Lada stopped 100 metres away, and reversed back along the fast lane. We put the bike in the boot and got out in the nondescript town of Matanzas, which, appropriately, means slaughter. Chatting in a cafe, Cubans were aware by that time of the US President's support for the Republican-backed Helms-Burton bill, which aims to widen the US trade embargo to the rest of the world by saying that foreign companies will have to choose between investing in Cuba or the US. For any candid businessman, it is hardly a difficult choice. Since the Soviets left in 1983, Cuba's economy has depended on an increasing business links with the rest of the world. Saving those links will just increase the immense poverty, say most Cubans. Varadero, a tourist resort two hours cycle from Matanzas, is the most conspicuous example of foreign investment: a five mile stretch of beach and hotels, with Spanish companies building many more. At either side of town there are cranes as far as the eye can see.

A single room can cost as much as \$100 a night. A rough estimate is that Varadero turns over \$1 million a day, providing vital hard currency. Life is far from comfortable for most Cubans, although those lucky enough to live around Varadero were beginning to feel that in the post-Soviet era the country could slowly pull itself out of its destitution, that is until Helms-Burton. As an attempt to destabilise the Cuban government, the US policy is almost laughable. If anything, it has provided Gramma, the government-owned daily paper, with its most powerful propaganda for years. The current incident has strengthened Castro's image yet further as an anti-imperialist. Another irony resonant with dollar-rich visitors is that it is the blockade itself which makes Cuba, and especially Havana, most appealing. Havana's streets are full of pre-1959 Pontiac Oldsmobiles and Plymouths. Much is unspoilt and undeveloped. It is an irony most Cubans could do without.

"I'm not a crook."

RICHARD NIXON

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Boxed into a corner

Television

Peter Preston

AND SO the bell rang for the 18th round. John Rodda is the gentlest, most knowledgeable, most professional of journalists. For over three decades he was the Guardian's boxing correspondent. For two of those decades his editor (me) thought boxing should be banned. We fought our corners many times in private. Last night Rodda went public.

A Bloody Art seemed peculiarly placed on early evening BBC2. Penny-plain film-making built around the Rodda thesis, which amounted to an attack on BBC1. John loves boxing. He has loved it ever since he travelled around the small-time halls of South London in the fifties. But the world he loved is changing. Too many people in too few years have died in the ring or seen their brains turned to pulp.

He hates television, which wants short, sharp explosions of violence — not the subtle art of self-defence or nurturings of young talent. He laments the way boxing's grass roots have withered, so that now all the amateur boxers in the country wouldn't fill a cent's worth of a street, of course, the less chance you have to learn the game, the more chance you have of getting hurt.

This wasn't negligible polemic. Rodda knows far too much to get trapped in glib imbecilities. But, even so, you had the feeling of watching a Right of Reply to an onslaught nobody had delivered. The BBC, like ITV, like Sky, has never attacked boxing. Mission impossible. The BBC, like the rest, is the prime sustainer of boxing. There was something bizarre about the exercise.

John Rodda damned the obsession with knock-out punches. Cue in a plenitude of KCs (including young Bruno getting his lungs from Bom-crusher Smith). He hymned the supreme defensive skills of Muhammad Ali. No pictures of the shambling, slurring relic left today. He spoke scornfully of the second-rate fighter serving up to promote whizz-kid champions on the way up. He forgot the young Joe Louis or Marciano and their Bum-of-the-Month clubs. He implied that death in the ring was a new phenomenon. Does any body remember the days when the slaughter of Benny Paret or the flowers on Johnny Owen's Welsh grave? When did television ever trawl graphically among the unknown legions of the punch drunk, the truly dazed and confused?

John Rodda doesn't see it like that. For him is a nobler realm of fitness and dedication. He sincerely believes in a golden age. I sincerely don't think it ever existed. Fewer boys from the back streets are boxing today because their streets (and straits) are not as mean as they used to be. Pop groups and the lottery are other routes from poverty. Black Americans and Hispanics from the ghettos have taken over their arenas, pitting desperation against the danger of scrambled wits. By those lights, for Britain, decline at the roots is good news: repeat, great news. Abolition by apathy. And if TV would get the message, it would happen a damned sight sooner than that. Seconds out. Round 17.



Jilly Cooper's steamy new novel is about passion in the orchestra pit. Musician ANTHONY BATEMAN reveals how close it is to the reality

If music be the food of love

WHAT effect does music's alleged amatory power have on those composers, conductors, and musicians who in their daily lives are exposed to an excess of it? Judging by Jilly Cooper's new novel *Appassionata*, a tale of love and lust in the world of the Raitman Symphony Orchestra, there is no question of a surfeit of music leading to a sickening of sexual appetite.

In order to penetrate the veil of mystery that surrounds the backstage world of symphonic music, Cooper has certainly done her research. She acknowledges the assistance of a long list of professional musicians, some of whom it seems, were asked rather peculiar questions by the author: "Could you bonk a small woman on a glockenspiel?" or "Would tear stains devalue a Strad?" Cooper dedicates the novel to the Royal Scottish National Orchestra which she joined on foreign tours in the 1970s.

The world of classical music may at first sight seem like an unlikely setting for Cooper's brand of raunchy fiction. After all, the formality, even downright stuffiness that pervades the atmosphere of the concert hall, creates, and reinforces the impression that the musicians on stage, dressed in formal evening dress redolent of the last century, are upright servants of their art: somewhat anachronistic, strait-laced and hence curiously non-sexual. Yet at the same time there is a view of musicians as jet-setting artists living extraordinary Bohemian lives, unfettered by the restraints of convention and hence prone to sensual excess, a perception that links them to the great rock musicians. As John Gay, the author and

librettist of *The Beggar's Opera*, wrote in the 18th century: "Musick might tame and civilise wild beasts, but 'tis evident it never could tame and civilise musicians." Writers long before Cooper have been drawn to the fascinating interface of music and sex. In *The Kreutzer Sonata*, Tolstoy explored the idea that music is morally corrupting. Pozdnischeff, the anti-hero of the story, believes that passionate music such as that of Beethoven stirs emotions that are inappropriate to a conventional social environment: "Take that Kreutzer Sonata for instance, how can that first presto be played in a drawing-room among ladies in low-necked dresses? ... An awakening of energy and feeling unsuited both to the time and place to which no outlet is

Musical creativity and strong sexual urges (often of an aberrant sort) go hand in hand

given cannot but act harmfully." To prove the point, a performance of the work by his wife and a smooth-talking violinist of whom he is insanely jealous drives Pozdnischeff to a crime passionel. This view that music has the potential to corrupt was shared by Proust who referred to Faure's *Romances Sans Paroles* as the kind of music, "a pederast might hum when rapping a choirboy". Things may be rosy for Cooper's characters, but for some fictional musicians their chosen instruments prove a curse to their love lives as the sexually frustrated protagonist of Patrick Süskind's play *The Double Bass* admits: "If you're alone with a woman, it stands there, looming over you, if you get intimate, it watches. You always have the

feeling it's laughing at you, so you get all self-conscious." The French horn seems to be a better bet for aspiring Casanovas: in George Bernard Shaw's *Sea-ende*, the narrator learns the instrument in order to serenade the object of his desire. Although unimpressed by his rendition of Schubert, she somewhat implausibly misinterprets his playing as the singing of a rival suitor and eventually grants him her affection. But if Shaw's story seems rather tame, it is impossible to listen to classical music with quite the same degree of reverent awe as reading Basil Howitt's scrupulously researched and highly revealing *Love Lives Of The Great Composers*, published by Sound and Vision last October. This book shows that musical creativity and strong sexual urges (often of an aberrant sort) go hand in hand. Even so, it is a surprise to learn that Haydn, the venerable father of the symphony and the string quartet, was "a notorious womaniser in his youth". Less surprising, given Peter Shaffer's portrayal of the composer in *Amadeus*, is to read a letter from Mozart to his wife Constanze written towards the end of a long foreign tour: "Prepare your dear and loveliest nest very daintily, for my little piece has really earned it. Imagine that rascal, as I write he is crawling on to the table and looking at me questioningly, but I smack him down properly ... I can hardly describe the great madrigal. Nothing in Cooper's *Appassionata* is quite as titillating as the sordid details of the love lives of these musical icons. Composer Jean-Baptiste Lully was a compulsive pederast; Liszt was a great misogynist, a sadomasochist, bisexual and wife-murderer, and Wagner a notorious adulterer with a penchant for frilly underwear.

Jean-Baptiste Lully was a pederast; Wagner had a penchant for frilly underwear

Such anecdotes provide colour to musical mythology. Likewise, although Cooper travelled for three years with the subject of *Bookmarks* tonight on BBC2 being made to stand for an older kind of Britain. Those who complain about the sharp, unforgiving interviewing tone of his colleagues forget that you can't have the old-style courteous interviewer without the old-style politician, and the current cohort of parliamentarians are as slippery and media-wise a bunch as you're likely to find. Different courses require different horses. Indeed, the complainers ignore the ways that most ordinary people talk about politicians — with at best contempt, more usually venom. You can't have too vast a chasm between how presenters interrogate politicians and how the rest of us regard them or the programme will float into the ether. The broadcasters already share the politicians' agenda far too much. The powerful feelings engendered by the Hobday business are also connected with the role that radio plays in our lives. It's a medium so threaded into people's diurnal patterns that they sometimes confuse the two, muddling the sanctity of their breakfast with the sanctity of the *Today* programme. It's the middle-class equivalent of those soap opera viewers who confuse the actors with the characters they play.

through "knee tremblers in the Prater or ruttings up back-alleys or in sordid rooms" contracted gonorrhoea. Most salacious of all, however, was Gaetano Donizetti, who was summed up by a contemporary thus: "His talent is great, but even greater is his fecundity, which is exceeded only by rabbits." He fit also suggests that such forms of sexual behaviour were, for these composers, inseparable from the creative process; sexual excess is linked to an excess of creative musical talent. This may well have been true of Leonard Bernstein, who was torn between the competing claims of heterosexuality and homosexuality, both of which he practised with passionate ardour. Later in life, when he decided to "come out", he shocked a journalist

Why is the whole nation up in arms about Peter Hobday? Here Today, gone tomorrow

by singing "Ev'rybody out of the closet" to a theme from Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony. By comparison, the witty aphorisms of Sir Thomas Beecham seem temperate. Beecham was at his most acerbic when referring to women: once, during a rehearsal, he addressed a lady cellist with the now famous words, "Madam, you have between your legs an instrument capable of giving pleasure to thousands — and all you can do is scratch it." Always a touch misogynist, Beecham believed that women musicians gave their best performances lying down. Such anecdotes provide colour to musical mythology. Likewise, although Cooper travelled for three years with the subject of *Bookmarks* tonight on BBC2

and their final single for the label sold a million copies. On the first night of their tour, the song in question, *Missing*, didn't surface till they'd run through nearly their entire new album. By then you were dumberstruck by the convulsions of dance beats that had preceded it. When Thorn and Watt get their teeth into something, they do it thoroughly. The fluttering house rhythm of *Missing* was complemented by itchy jungle breakbeats and sultry trip-hop (Thorn contributed to *Massive Attack's* last LP). But, jungle fixation or no, the *Girl* are still the most sophisticated act in town. The contrast between Thorn's cashmere languor and the machine-made rhythms carried the first half of the show; then it dawned that the singer's half-formed murmurs were not going to change tempo. Watt chivvied his partner a bit by cranking up the beats, but to little avail. Thorn, to be fair, just isn't a shouter, but his hours under the delusion that understatement alone can make a show.

Reviews

POP **Everything But The Girl** Bristol, Anson Room **TRACY** Thorn and Ben Watt of *Everything But The Girl* have spent most of their careers being prematurely old. Even fresh from Hull University in the early eighties, they were sedate down to their cardigans. Silken-throated Tracey and impassive, acoustic-guitarist Ben were perhaps the only young indie group to cover Cole Porter songs, and mean it. Their smooth, mildly jazzy pop is for couples like themselves — thirty-somethings who don't like rave music but aren't ready for slippers and Clapton. They so neatly straddle the boundary between taste and hotel-lounge naïf that they receive the distinction of air-play on *Radios 1 and 2*. Last summer, their longtime record company declined to pick up their options. That will show down as one of pop's classic bad decisions, for EBTG had just discovered dance music.

Reviews

POP

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DANCE

Spring Loaded/Unspoken

WHEN we think of the great gravity-defying thrills of dance, we tend to picture dancers turning multiple somersaults on a sloped or cutting through space in a flying jet. But in *Unspoken*, a new duet by Russell Maliphant and James De Maria, we're shown another extraordinary paradox — movement that ripples with delicacy through powerful male limbs, that lifts big men's bodies as lightly as breeze billowing through silk. De Maria pursues himself into a huge backward spiral but, just as he's falling, his momentum stalls and begins gently eddying through his arms and chest — mysteriously he's levitated back to standing. Maliphant plunges into a deep leg bend but then checks himself, sending his

CLASSICAL

Winterreise

SCHUBERT'S *Die Winterreise* is the greatest of all song cycles and the most memorable performance by Fischer-Dieskau or Peter Schreier — are so all-encompassing that they leave no space for visual glosses or expansion. The whole idea of dramatising this winter journey of the soul, of making explicit what is implicit in its deceptively simple texts, seems unnecessary. The selling point of this staging by the Paris-based Opéra Comique is the involvement of the artist Christian Boltanski, who shares the credits with the director Hans-Peter Cloos and the lighting designer Jean Kalman. It is Boltanski's first venture into theatre, and he uses a clutter of everyday objects to create a range of metaphors and allusions which veer between the obvious and the unexplained. A back pro-

THEATRE

The Meeting

SECRETLY, in a hotel room, Martin Luther King and Malcolm X meet. So what do the high priest of passive non-violent resistance and the prophet of violent revolution do? They arm-wrestle. The fictional clash in American Jeff Stetson's play (getting its British premiere here) is a peg for a ding-dong debate between the militant and the moderate. Such is the skill of the writer, performers (Karl Collins and George Egay) and director Jeffery Kissoon that equal conviction is given to both sides. The conclusion seems to be that both are equally necessary — and equally doomed.

Reviews

POP

jection furnishes images of a train journey through a central European landscape. The song *Der Lindenbaum* provokes the appearance of a shower cubicle, its curtains pulled back to reveal a hanging man. There's a dancer, Brygida Ochalm, who spends much of her time entwined in the legs of the piano, and identical twins Leslaw and Wacław Janicki who appear through trap doors, create menacing silhouettes and in the final heart-breaking section, rummage through suitcases. At the centre of the activity is the tenor Martyn Hill, together with the pianist Andrew Ball. Hill's account of the songs is carefully enunciated and thoroughly musical but limited in its emotional ambition. The evening's epitome what might crudely be called the English choral tradition of leader singing, well-mannered and expressively constricted — though perhaps, in this context, his neutrality is an asset. (Final performance tonight (0161 741 2211) *Andrew Clements*

THEATRE

The Meeting

Proceeding this short, taut, naturalistic play of words and ideas is a Nubian night, in which the drumming, dancing and martial art of Hamzah Muhammad's masked Ka-Zimba Ngoma (theatre of the spirit of the young lion) blend into Visions Of Youth, written and directed by Felix Cross. Cross's more stylised debate — the time set in Britain — is between a comfortable Goshop momma (hooked on train timetables), a smouldering feline militant and a drummer who's happy with a bit of goatstink between his legs. Somehow the evening fuses the differing styles and approaches to theatre into a coherent whole that explores burning issues with fervour, intelligence, humour and astonishing physical skill. (Until March 23 (0121 236 4455) *Robin Thornber*

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Why is the whole nation up in arms about Peter Hobday? Here Today, gone tomorrow
Radio
Anne Karpf
AM I THE only person in the country that doesn't give a fig who presents Radio 4's Today programme? It would seem so from the past three weeks' media outpourings following the non-renewal of Peter Hobday's contract. One newspaper even launched a "Save Hobday" campaign, decrying John Humphries as too abrasive and James Naughtie as too loquacious, while Sue MacGregor and Anna Ford were written off as, respectively, too headstrong and too rich to make decent presenters. Why do people care so much? Certainly, the presenters' personality to some extent sets the tone of a programme. But by now the Today programme is more than just the chirpiness of Naughtie, or Hobday's asides about his camellia: its agenda (still largely Westminster-driven and politician-heavy) is what distinguishes it, whoever is on mike. Those who want a different feel can tune in to Radio 5 Live's The Breakfast Programme, co-fronted by the nicely dry Peter Allen, where

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The elegant grandmother (above) is Mrs Knittel. But as Luise Rainer (right) she is also a double Oscar-winner. RONALD BERGAN tells the extraordinary story of the woman for whom Brecht wrote *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*

# The double life of Luise

She's all light and gaiety; but if one catches her unaware, one sees a tragic face. One feels the luminousness, and at the same time this tragic feeling, a mysterious dual character. Henry Miller

A VISIT to Mrs Knittel brought unexpected rewards. Mrs Knittel is a small, elegant, grey-haired 86-year-old widow, who lives in a large, beautifully furnished flat near St Anne Square. She had been blissfully married to the publisher Robert Knittel for over 40 years. They travelled extensively and Mrs Knittel was determined to have a photograph of her husband and herself taken in front of the Taj Mahal, that monument to lovers, before his death of cancer in 1989. She showed me the photograph and the many original pictures on the walls, including a Munch, a couple of Degas sketches, and some of her own extremely accomplished paintings. Suddenly, I noticed two golden Oscar statuettes standing unobtrusively on top of a bookshelf. They seemed out of place among the tasteful surroundings. On close inspection, I saw that they were genuine, having been presented to the German-born actress Luise Rainer for *The Great Ziegfeld* in 1936 and *The Good Earth* in the following year. All I knew about Rainer was that her fame rested on the fact that she became the first actress to win an Oscar in successive years, a feat only equaled by Katharine Hep-

burn. Then, in film writer David Thomson's words, Rainer's career "crumbled so completely afterwards, that they (the Oscars) might have been voodoo idols". After only a handful of Hollywood films, she seemed to disappear into the ether. It had been the fastest rise and fall of any star. I looked round to see that Mrs Knittel had suddenly turned into Luise Rainer. I recognised the same woman described by Henry Miller and the intense and lively dark eyes that shone from the screen over half a century ago. Discounting her age, Rainer is so full of energy — continually jumping up and down to show me various letters and photos — that I (considerably younger) was left exhausted. She has been busy writing her memoirs in longhand for some years and has produced 200 pages, which has only taken her up to her 22nd year because, she claimed, "There is so much to say." I wondered what there could possibly be to say of general interest besides those three years of glory at MGM. She revealed, almost en passant, that the German expressionist playwright Ernst Toller had been in love with her, Bertolt Brecht had written *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* for her, Federico Fellini had begged her to be in *La Dolce Vita* and that Anais Nin had been infatuated by her. Though, in cold print, these remarks might read like the distorted and vainglorious memories of an old lady, they were spoken without a trace of



With an unusually relaxed Albert Einstein, one of the many greats she knew at the height of her success in the 1930s

affection and with such conviction that if she had told me she had helped Albert Einstein (whom she knew) formulate the theory of relativity, I would have accepted it unquestioningly. Yet, I found myself, willy-nilly, making a distinction in my mind between Mrs Knittel, the well-bred, elderly dotting grandmother, and Luise Rainer, the exquisite actress who had captivated so many great men and women. Elaborating in a fluent somewhat German-accented English, Rainer said, "Toller was nothing to me but a man. I was in my teens, and his fame didn't mean anything to me. But I had no room for him because there were so many other men in love with me at the time." A decade later, Anais Nin was writing: "She is white, delicate and floating... the essence of femininity... a flame who would have been loved by Artaud... no one, no one can be as Luise Rainer is, a magician casting enchantments." Nin and Rainer became confiding sisters but, according to the latter, the relationship became too intense. "I didn't like the crazy way in which she identified herself with me. You see, I'm not a lesbian at all. I love women, and I have many women friends, but I'm

not a lesbian, and when she came too close, I just threw her out." At the time, Rainer had just divorced the celebrated radical American playwright Clifford Odets after three stormy years of marriage. "There was a great beauty to Odets, but he was intensely jealous of my success and the men I was working with," she declared. "He wanted to have me to himself. I never should have married Cliff because he was not someone who should have been married to anybody. Our marriage was disastrous, although as far as he was able, he loved me very much."

W HAT was this extraordinary attraction Rainer seemed to have for so many? Perhaps it was an ethereal quality, combined with an elfin beauty, intelligence and independence. Although her German-American businessman father and pianist mother were cultured people, they were horrified when Luise became an actress, taking the leading role in Frank Werlekin's then-sensational *Spring Awakening* in Düsseldorf. Thereafter she appeared in a number of productions with the legendary

Max Reinhardt's company. In 1933, she was in a producer's office in Berlin, and happened to look out of the window. "I saw a fire, and I realised that the Reichstag was burning. I was furious when the producer said, 'You have no right being interested in that. Politics shouldn't interest you. You're an artist.'" Not long after, an MGM talent scout found her performing in a Viennese rep production of *An American Tragedy*, and she was signed to a seven-year contract. Two idle months elapsed in Hollywood before MGM could figure out how to use her. Then, one day as Rainer was walking her dog along the beach, she met Anita Loos who told her that the studio was looking for someone to replace Myrna Loy as a Viennese girl opposite William Powell in *Escapade* (1935). It made her a star. Her new-found status triggered her first clash with studio boss Louis B. Mayer. Rainer wanted to take a small role in the new William Powell picture, *The Great Ziegfeld*. "Your first film you to be in a film where you're out of it when it's half over," Mayer insisted. "But there's this little scene I think I can do something

with" she told him. This "little scene" — which Mayer ordered out after the first previews but later restored — was the telephone scene in which she calls her ex-husband Florenz Ziegfeld to congratulate him on his new marriage. To everyone's surprise, it won her the Best Actress award and established her as an expert exponent of the laughter-through-tears school of acting. "I wrote the scene myself," Rainer stated, "though I stole it from Cocteau's *La Voix Humaine*." The following year, she made an exceptional jump from playing a glamorous and sophisticated woman to the downtrodden little Chinese peasant in *The Good Earth*, based on Pearl S. Buck's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel. Impressive as Rainer was as the long-suffering O Lan in the North Africa and Italy, where I was made an honorary lieutenant in the US army, and when I returned some months later, Brecht had written only two pages of what was to be *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. The producer was distraught. "When I went to Brecht's apartment in New York, it was like a French farce, girls popping in and out of every door. Brecht, who always reminded me of a spider, something I didn't want to touch, asked me

rather grandly to read aloud what he had written to see how it sounded. "Two pages!" I said. "Absolutely not!" He replied, "Elizabeth Bergner would be on her knees before me to play this part." I told him I thought he had behaved outrageously towards the producer, taking his money and never delivering. "What's more," I said, "I don't want to do your play and I don't want anything more to do with you." Soon after this incident, Luise Rainer would become concealed by Mrs Knittel, who brought up a daughter, and kept out of the public eye. But the actress issued forth from time to time, portraying Joan of Arc in both the George Bernard Shaw and the Maxwell Anderson plays (she still favours cropped hair), *The Little Foxes* in Vienna in the 1950s and playing the USA in *Enoch Arden* in the 1960s. In 1958, Rainer was in Rome where Luchino Visconti had invited her to the Eleonora Duse centenary to do an extract from *A Doll's House*, which she was to appear in a scene in *La Dolce Vita*. "I need your poetic face," Fellini told her. Rainer agreed to play in a scene she would write herself. "It was a very hot summer, and I sat around for ages waiting for my scene to be shot. Eventually, they got round to finding the location." At this point Mrs Knittel interrupted the anecdote to explain that she was reluctant to use foul language, but Luise Rainer wrote the "Federico" said, "Look, Luise, Marcello has got to fuck you." I was astonished. "I'm sorry, Federico, but the scene I wrote, that you approved, was against his whoring around." It was the last straw, I decided to get out. Luchino Fellini was in Rome, Fellini approached me in a crowded Via Veneto where he got down on his knees and pleaded, "Please, Luise, you cannot go. When I got back to London, I was bombing my telegrams imploring me to return." As if to allay any doubts I was shown these remarkable begging cables from the maestro. It was obvious that these pleased Luise Rainer more than the Oscars. Win-win-win, as what Luise Rainer to me. I never even wanted them on the shelf. My husband asked me to display them, because they mean a lot to other people. Ironically, the two statuettes, that she won so lightly, are what Luise Rainer will be most remembered for. However, I suspect that Mrs Knittel is rather proud of them. Ronald Bergan is currently working on a television programme about Luise Rainer

## Hand in hand with the Nazis

PAUL WEBSTER on revelations of wartime collaboration by some of France's greatest film stars

RENOVATION of the multi-storey Bertiz building on the boulevard des Capucines in Paris is nearing completion but even a change of facade and modernisation will not disguise its chilling past as the venue for the 1941 exhibition, *Le Juif en France*. This crude propaganda show was dominated by a gigantic poster of a Shylock figure clawing at a world globe, drawn by the most talented film poster designer of the period, René Pernon. Inside, one of the main themes attacked "the masters of French cinema", Jewish producers, blamed for perverting

French values and taste. By then, most had emigrated or taken refuge in the Free Zone and it was impossible for Jewish actors or technicians to get jobs, or even manage cinemas, because of the Jewish Statute which isolated the community in October 1940. But the condemnation of Jewish influence did not cause even a ripple of protest in the industry itself which had been working hand in hand with its German counterpart since the early Nazi era. Undeterred by the racial persecution of some of the brightest on the French screen, stars like Fernandel and Arletty and creators like Henri-Georges Clouzot and Sacha Guitry profited from the war to enhance their reputations. While the broader areas of the film world's collaboration have been documented, the extent remained secret until a contemporary producer and publisher, René Chateau, published a 526-page lavishly illustrated investigation, *Le Cinéma sous l'Occupation*. It took him 20 years to accumulate



Danielle Darrieux (centre right) and other French stars with the military in Berlin

photographs, documents and personal stories that dig deep into the national conscience. Like many of the people who will be shaken by the complicity, cowardice or cupidity of national heroes — Charles Trenet, Tino Rossi, Jean Marais and Louis Jourdan among others — who went on to dominate post-war cinema, Mr Chateau was himself a victim of a highly successful propaganda campaign. "I was born in 1940 and brought up on post-war films and comic strips that portrayed a France defiant," he said. "It wasn't until 1968 that I read a book which proved that French police led the round-up of Jews in the Grande Kafke in 1942. It was a violent shock." His work as a producer and

his friendship with Jean-Paul Belmondo, whose sculptor father, Paul, joined a Nazi-sponsored trip to Berlin, enabled him to collect photographs considered in 1942 to be too provocative to be released to a French public anxious about the fate of 1.5 million prisoners of war. One picture (above) shows the period's most glamorous female stars, Danielle Darrieux, Suzy Delair, Viviane Romance and Junie Astor — the Adjants and Hupperts of their day — with German officers in Berlin in March 1942. "Many stars had been working in Berlin up to a few weeks before the war, untroubled by Hitler's dictatorship, and were later regular visitors to receptions at the German embassy

in Paris. Many of the women were accused of "horizontal collaboration" with German officers, an allegation which inspired Arletty's defence that her heart was French but her cunt was international. Although Joseph Goebbels personally masterminded German production of French films, the motivation was the accumulation of foreign currency rather than propaganda, according to Mr Chateau. For the same reason, a well-established German producer, Alfred Greven, was put in charge of a new company Continental Films in Paris in 1940 that produced 30 of the 230 films during the Occupation, reinforcing the position of stars like Pierre Fresnay and Louis Jouvet, while helping to

create a new generation of directors following the exile of pre-war leaders like Jean Renoir and René Clair. There is a legend that Goebbels forced French film-makers to turn out popular rubbish, but Continental financed some of the most brilliant of all French films that are continually re-shown on television. Mr Chateau said, "Six of the finest are to be aired again next month. But there was a concentration on safe subjects like historical dramas and there were a handful of pictures made in support of the Pétainist crusade for a return to rural values. However, audiences were exposed to second-rate anti-Jewish or anti-Freemason documentaries still considered so

sensitive that they cannot be viewed. Only a handful of actors like Jean Gabin, Jean-Paul Aumont and Robert Lyne, who joined the Free French (Lyne was executed), emerge with credit from a book full of bizarre anecdotes. Marshal Pétain was given private previews of the best films, falling asleep during Marcel Carné's *Les Visiteurs du Soir* and celebrating D-Day by watching a Christian-Jacque version of *Carmen*, starring Jean Marais. There is also an investigation into the mysterious death of Harry Baur, the highest paid French actor, and the only one to star in an important film shot in wartime Germany. He died soon after being interrogated by the Gestapo over

allegations that he had hidden his Jewish origins and insulted the Führer by shaking his hand. Mr Chateau also reveals what may be the most extraordinary location work of all time, the filming of *Mermoz*, about the aviation pioneer played by a debutant lookalike called Robert-Hugues Lambert in November 1943. Arrested and interned for homosexuality, he was replaced for the final sequences by a stand-in, but Lambert's voice was recorded through the barred wire of the Drancy concentration camp near Paris before he was sent to die in Germany. Apart from a few spectacular cases — Arletty, Guitry, Gignette Leclerc and Robert Le Vigan — the Liberation purge passed without disturbing the French cinema world. In 1940, it had passed smoothly from anti-Semite films to implicit support for Nazi priorities, and in 1944, it belatedly joined the Resistance movement. In December that year, *Vive la liberté*, the first film about the Maquis, was shot in the Boulevard studios in the Paris suburb. It starred Jean Darcant who, in 1941, dubbed *Juif Süss*, a German anti-Semitic production shown throughout the Occupation to huge audiences.



Dale Harris

The critic who created himself

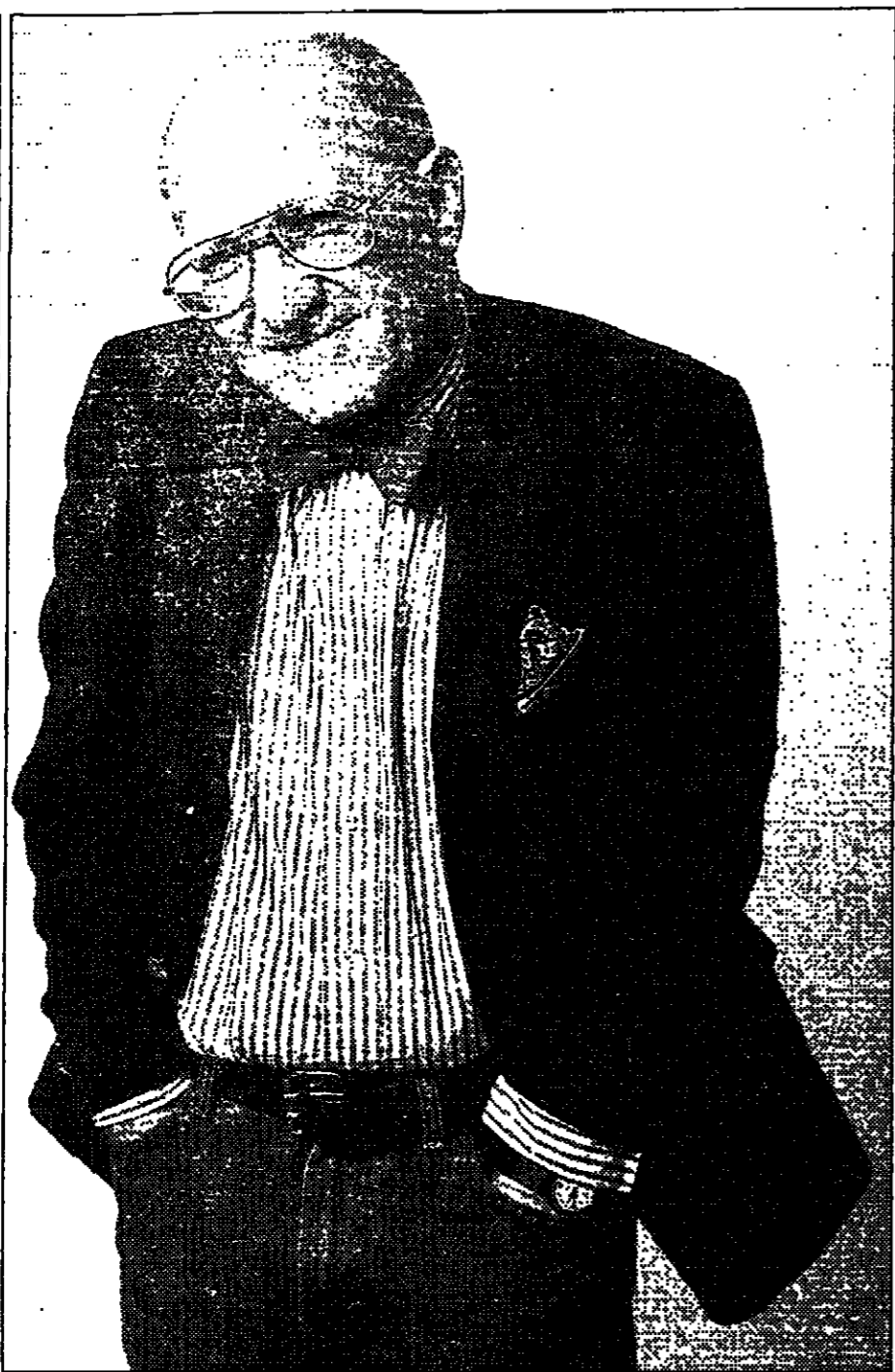
DALE Harris, who has died of Aids aged 67, was a self-made, largely self-educated, indeed self-created man.

He grew up in Dagenham and went to Hackney Downs School, a half-hour bus ride away.

He left school at 16, having scraped through the School Certificate. There was no possibility of any formal higher education.

A second turning point came in 1952 when, his fare paid by a cousin, he emigrated to the United States. For two years he worked at the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers in New York.

At weekends, Harris would hitch rides on Air Force planes to wherever there was an important festival.



Dale Harris... an expert on any subject in which he took an interest

most important event in his life thus far. On his release in 1955, Harris took advantage of the GI Bill and completed his formal education.

He gave him the entrée to American society. The process of transformation was complete.

year he moved back east to become Professor of Literature and Writing at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York.

tained a busy schedule as critic and lecturer. His first lectures at the Metropolitan Museum came about through a chance meeting at a dinner party with Jacqueline Onassis in 1979.

By 1985, Harris was giving four lecture series a year, all sell-outs, on cultural history and opera. Two sets of CDs and tapes based on his earlier, Enjoying Opera and Enjoying Italian Opera, were best-sellers.

In Albert Guerard's writing class at Harvard, Harris began a novel based on his experience of wartime London.

He wrote numerous catalogue essays for art exhibitions and was for a while a contributing editor to the magazine Connoisseur.

Throughout his life he remained an autodidact, becoming an expert on any subject in which he took an interest.

ject in which he took an interest. While at Stanford he became a notable chef, and on his return to New York gave celebrated dinner parties.

In later years Harris's round-the-clock schedule of lecturing, teaching, and writing caused him to discontinue these parties.

Performers whose work defined his taste included Margot Fonteyn, Kirsten Flagstad, Ethel Merman, Gracie Fields, Beatrice Lillie, Richard Tauber, and Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

Harris and I were unacquainted in London, though we had been present at many of the same performances and even knew some of the same people.

Ashton once said to me that it was important to have the kind of friend one could ring up every night, no matter how late.

Now he said to me, "I've lived a life of deceit," yet the Dale Harris he created was the real Dale Harris, who won the love and devotion of all of us — friends, students, and colleagues — whose lives were immeasurably enriched.

David Vaughan

Pierre Verger



Pierre Verger... epic journey with a camera

A cultural chameleon

THE LIFE of Pierre Verger, who has died aged 85, was as extraordinary as his photography.

Across the past half-century he created a unique record of a religion. Having already encountered Yoruba culture in thirties west Africa he found its echoes in Bahia, in north-east Brazil in the mid-forties.

Verger was the first to observe the inter-relationship between the religion of Dahomey (now Benin), and that practised in Brazil.

It was in the early thirties that Verger purchased a Roliflex, setting off in 1932 to the South Seas and Tahiti in the wake of Paul Gauguin.

The results of the Pacific journey were included in the book *Black and White*, published in London. The portrait of a young fisherman punting his flatboat became one of his icons — and a gay icon too.

In 1934 a chance encounter led to him travelling for Paris with his work was published. He sold some spreads to the *Daily Mirror*, and was commissioned for Secret London, which followed up his fascination with Paris lowlife.

The war caught up with him hiking in the Andes. Conscripted, he was posted in 1940 to Dakar in French West Africa as an army photographer.

There he photographed plants and people for the Institut Français d'Afrique Nord. Demobilised in 1941, he moved on to South America and worked in Argentina and Peru.

A key part of this journey was categorising more than 3,500 west African plants for the Institut. Thus did he stumble through a door into other worlds.

In his nineties, he retained the ability to slip between cultures like a chameleon. In Salvador de Bahia, he lived on a fazenda on the outskirts, refusing even a fan or a radio, dressed in an African shirt, always guarding his red-and-white beads, those of his patron god Xango.

The late popularity of his work meant books on it were published in France, Portugal, Brazil and West Africa. In 1994 he attended the launch of a London exhibition and catalogue of his work.

Amanda Hopkinson

Pierre Verger, photographer and ethnographer, born November 4.

Death Notices

COOK, John James passed away peacefully on 12th March 1996. Dad, John, and Mum, Alice. Father-in-law to Heather, John and Kevin and grandad to Paul, Natalie, Sophie, Anna, Peter and Robert. Mum, Alice, always in our thoughts.

Weekend Birthdays

YOU know an actress has become a household name when she is getting cast as herself.

It is as if Huppert has selected every role with its potential mythic status in mind. She can celebrate her 51st birthday today safe in the knowledge that her choosiness has paid dividends.

At the beginning she seemed vague, thrown in the wind, says a friend. Very quickly she defined herself. But the definition still left vast uncharted areas where she finds solace.

Her later roles, as a strike leader in Godard's *Passion*, the bourgeoisie looking for a bit of

rough in Pialat's *Loulou*, or as Emma in Chabrol's *Madame Bovary*, have further defined her as the great modern actress of the troubled soul. MB

Today's other birthdays: Matthew Bannister, controller, Radio 1, 38; Bernardo Bertolucci, film director, 55; Joy Delahanty, geneticist, 59; Sir Ewart Jones, chemist, Emeritus Waynflete Professor of Chemistry, Oxford, 58; Dr Sir Anthony Kenny, philosopher, chairman, British Library, 63; Jerry Lewis, comedian, 70; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, 68; Salim Malik, cricketer, 33; Leo McKern, actor, 76; Georgina Naylor, chief executive, National Heritage Memorial Fund, 37; Kate Nelligan, actress, 45; Roger Norington, conductor, 62; Margaret O'Hare, secretary general, World Confederation for Physical Therapy, 62; Bridget Rowe, editor, the People, 46.

Tomorrow's birthdays: Patrick Allen, actor, 69; Prof John Baines, Egyptologist, 50; Jeff Banks, fashion designer, 53; Prof David Dilks, vice-chancellor, Hull University, 58; Lesley-Ann Down, actress, 42; Prof George Hughes, zoologist, 71; Robin Knox-Johnston, yachtsman, 57; Prof John Lill, concert pianist, 52; Penelope Lively, writer, 68; Mercedes McCambridge, actress, 78; The Most Rev Keith O'Brien, Roman Catholic Archbishop of St Andrews and Edinburgh, 58; Dr Sir Raymond Rickett, chairman, Council for National Academic Awards, 68; Ann Rush, director, Migraine Trust, 48; Kurt Russell, actor, 46; Galina Samosova, artistic director, Scottish Ballet, 38; Brian Sedgemoor, Labour MP, 58; Dr David Stafford-Clark, psychiatrist, 80 and his son, Max Stafford-Clark, former artistic director, Royal Court Theatre, 65; Michael Whitaker, showjumper, 36.



Tracey Chadwell

Giving women a voice

TRACEY Chadwell, who has died from cancer aged 36, was one of Britain's leading sopranos, possessing an outstandingly beautiful and expressive voice.

After graduating from the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in 1981, she sang with the BBC Singers for three years before embarking on a solo career which encompassed the very different fields of recital, oratorio and opera.

In her 10 short years as a soloist, she sang with the Bach Choir under Sir David Willcocks, and with many of the major orchestras.

Her choice of repertoire, as well as being extensive, was wide-ranging and imaginative, particularly in her solo recitals with her pianist, Pamela Lidarti. A champion of new music, she commissioned

many pieces, from such composers as Elizabeth Maconchy, Virginia Janu, David Lunceford, Matthew King and myself. She also sought out and performed the music of women composers, and explored the relatively neglected British repertoire.

In 1990, Chadwell was diagnosed as having acute myeloid leukaemia and spent 10 months in hospital undergoing intensive chemotherapy and bone-marrow transplants.

I first met her early in the following year in New Zealand when I was embarking on a course of chemotherapy. Her understanding, her readiness to discuss all aspects of her illness and her sense of humour helped me immensely.

The experience we shared provided the basis of an enduring friendship. When, in 1993,

she undertook a concert tour of New Zealand, a land she had come to love, we made a winter journey into the high country.

After her recovery, Chadwell resumed her concert career singing in Matthew King's *The Snow Queen* in performances given by Jane's Minstrels, and in the role of the Countess in *The Opera Company's Marriage of Figaro*. Her last engagement was probably Messiah, at York, just before Christmas, and she also sang, virtually sight-reading, Michael Finnis's just completed setting of the mass at the midnight service on Christmas Eve at St Paul's, Brighton.

Many people will miss her buoyant, ebullient nature, her generosity of spirit and her musical gifts.

Gillian Whitehead

Tracey Gillian Chadwell, soprano, born March 9, 1959; died January 12, 1996.

Face to Faith

Holinesses in an unholy row

Peter Scaquer

MOSCOW and Constantinople are at loggerheads over the jurisdiction of a small number of Orthodox parishes in Estonia. The relationship between the Ecumenical Patriarch, His Holiness Bartholomew I of Constantinople, and His Holiness Aleksy II, Patriarch of Moscow and of all Russia, has deteriorated to the point where the latter no longer prays in the liturgy for his brother in Christ, and communion between the two churches has been suspended.

The reasons behind this undignified squabbling centre on Moscow's refusal to accede to the wishes of a small number of Orthodox parishes in Estonia — 54 out of a total of 83. They no longer want to remain as dependencies of the Russian

Church, and believe that since their country is independent so should they be.

According to tradition, Orthodox churches who are outside the territories governed by one of the ancient Patriarchates normally place themselves under Constantinople, whose Patriarch is regarded as senior among equals. The Estonian Orthodox Church is choosing to revert to the status which existed from 1923 to 1941 when Estonia enjoyed a short period of national independence. Moscow, however, regards such a step as an intrusion by Constantinople into its internal affairs.

The Orthodox in mainly Lutheran Estonia are a tiny minority of about 30,000 concentrated in towns and cities. The majority — both Estonians and Russians — have opted to break with Moscow, and are being led by a group of laymen who are still loyal to being

refused registration by the Estonian authorities.

The battle is being fought out in the media with press statements from the Moscow Patriarchate speaking of the oppression of the Russian minority in Estonia and the violation of the rights of Orthodox believers who wish to remain under Moscow. In response, Constantinople refers to the suffering of the Estonian people during the Soviet era, and of the enforced reincorporation of the Estonian Orthodox into the Russian Church in 1945. Both sides accuse each other of expansionism, spheres of interest, and of the great sin of "phyletism", the placing of national interests above those of the Church.

As an organisation controlled and nurtured for more than 200 years by the KGB, the leadership of the Russian Church is one of the slowest to

discard the Soviet mindset. Islamism, secretiveness, and a highly centralised power structure do not mix well with the new chaotic democracy, religious freedom and openness of Russian society.

Like so many, the Church seems to have a nostalgia for the recent past which seemed more secure and where there were clearly defined roles. This sense of loss in the country has led to a resurgence of communism, nationalism and isolationism. Political parties of all shades woo the Orthodox faithful.

There is a terrible danger that a schism might develop which could lead the Russian Church to cut itself off from the rest of the Christian world, including its sister churches, and become the religious focus for national extremists. A small number of reformers and liberals in the Russian Church would also become marginalised. Involvement in the ecumenical movement and the World Council of Churches — which was encouraged by the Soviets — has become less popular in recent years, yet another sign of isolationism.

Constantinople is keen to defend its traditional role after many centuries in which the Patriarchate has found itself severely restricted. It was hostage to the Muslim Ottoman Empire and for 80 years after the second world war Constantinople found itself powerless to counter the Russian Church as it expanded its territorial and jurisdictional claims with

the aid of Soviet military might. Any Orthodox believers in Eastern Europe and the Baltic States who survived persecution under communism, were forced to acknowledge Moscow's authority.

When is a schism not a schism? There is no difference in all matters of doctrine and liturgical practice between Estonia, Moscow and Constantinople. The recent situation is in terms of ecclesiology a logical absurdity. Moscow has broken with Constantinople, but is in communion with most other Orthodox churches which are themselves still in communion with Constantinople. This is a problem which the Orthodox Church will have to address. It is patently ridiculous for one church to break

communism with another merely for the sake of what could be seen as an argument over some property Moscow might lose in Estonia. We must hope and pray that this rift will soon be healed.

Peter Scaquer is lecturer in Russian at the University of Exeter and a deacon in the Russian Orthodox Church

Doonesbury



BY GARRY TRUDEAU



It's your



# Money Guardian

**Love it or hate it, European monetary union will mean rich pickings for some — as MARK MILNER reports**

## A licence to print money

**E**URO-SCEPTICS hate it. To the federalist, it is an article of faith. For security printers, graphic designers and scrap metal merchants, however, European monetary union means opportunity with a capital O. Take security printers. Someone will have to print the Euro banknotes that will be needed when the single cur-

rency comes into effect. That someone will have a lot of printing to do, too. At the end of 1994, according to the European Monetary Institute, the number of bank notes in circulation was a staggering 12 billion. Replacing them should keep the presses rolling for a day or two. Mints, too, will make, well, a mint. In addition to the 12 billion bank notes, the

European Union's citizens have some 70 billion coins wearing out the linings of their purses and pockets or stuck down the sides of their suitcases. When they are replaced they will weigh in, and the word is used advisedly, at a modest 300,000 tons — which is where the scrap metal men come in. As the EMI notes in its dry official way: "It is therefore

likely that special procedures will need to be applied to speed up the processes of counting the re-flowing national bank notes and coins and checking their authenticity.

It may also be necessary to expand storage capacities if the destruction process of national banknotes and coins fails to keep up with the re-flow process. Whoever

would have thought the stuff was that difficult to get rid of? Still, there is a creative side to the whole process. The EMI is running a competition for the design of the seven denominations of bank notes planned. Would-be entrants can choose between "ages and styles of Europe" or an abstract or contemporary theme. Those of you reaching for the Apple Mac can forget

it, however. Only experienced banknote designers, selected by the national central bank, need apply.

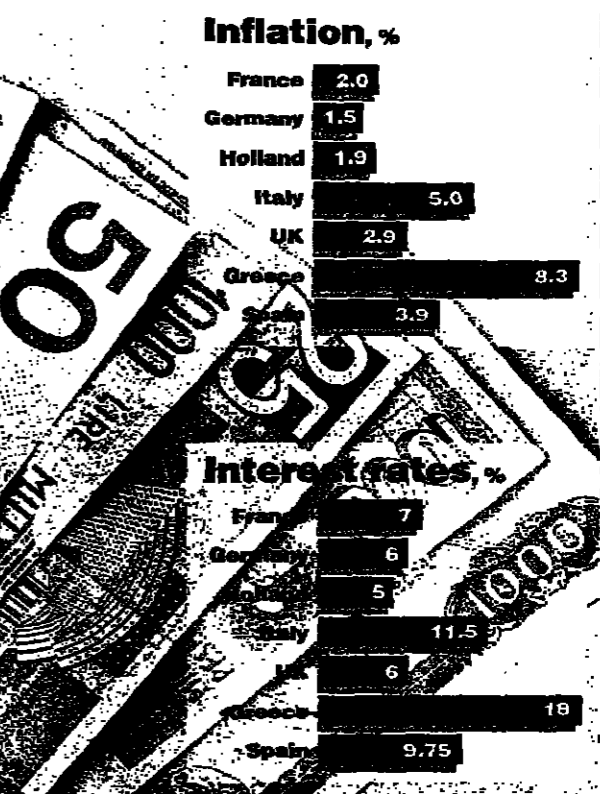
Firms which design cash machines, tills and automatic vending machines might think they are on to a good thing or a headache — depending on whether they work in the sales or technical departments, especially if, as is planned, the new Euro runs for a spell alongside the national currency.

But equipment manufacturers have already come up with systems that can handle multiple currencies. ICL, for example, has sales terminals which can handle 28 different currencies, though so far their application has largely been limited to duty-free shops.

"If (the change-over) had to be achieved in the next two months it would be expensive, but with a lead time of years as opposed to months one would have more time to adapt," said an ICL spokesman.

**M**ORE than just the way we shop may change. The introduction of a single currency could well have implications for the way we save and borrow. Take savings. Britain has a culture in which institutional investors prefer to put cash into the stock market, rather than buying bonds — be they government securities or corporate debt.

The reason does not take a great deal of finding. Britain's love-hate relationship with inflation — whoever heard of negative equity in the days of soaring house prices? — has



## There's decreasing State support for the family. How will you deal with it?



As pressure continues to mount on the country's welfare budget, so does the squeeze on the average family's budget. Increasingly, we're all having to foot the bill for expenses we hadn't previously considered. Will you, for instance, have enough to see the children through college or university? If you become unemployed, have you taken steps to cover your mortgage? What about the cost of long-term nursing care



for yourself or an elderly relative? There's a simple solution to all these concerns. Talk to an independent financial adviser. He or she will give you expert and impartial advice, in plain English. Better still, you'll get recommendations that are precisely tailored to your particular circumstances. Call us today for a free information pack. And make sure there's a healthy financial future on the cards. **0117 971 1177**

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In a special report, Guardian writers examine what the future holds for a nation entering a new financial era

# Do yourself a personal favour

**With welfare in a sorry state, WILL HUTTON outlines the new way to play a lifelong game of stakes and ladders**

THE twentieth century was the era of the large and stable organisations. Banks, manufacturers and government departments were all largely secure employers of tens, sometimes hundreds of thousands, of people.

In the next 50 years it will be different. Private and public organisations will no longer be able to offer that same stability and security, even if they wanted to. Technology, fear of takeover, the internationalisation of competition, the rolling back of regulations protecting workers and the crazy search for ever higher financial returns mean that the world of work will continue to be transformed.

Job contracts will demand impermanence as companies are compelled to organise workforces to access maximum flexibility over wage costs. But just as the world of work is returning to levels of rootlessness not seen since the nineteenth century, the welfare structures that people have become used to since the second world war will be continually eroded. At the same time, the eclipse of the welfare state will demand that people assume more and more responsibility for insuring themselves against the risks of poor health, unemployment and disability — and for educating their children. The level of risk in everyday life, in short, is rising explosively.

It is no use protesting that it would be more efficient for the welfare state to be modernised rather than for the principle of collective social insurance abandoned. A combination of ideology, fear that the necessary taxes will diminish incentives and a belief that there is no alternative before the forces of international competition — all false — have persuaded both the main political parties that the best that can be hoped for is a gradual attrition of the education and health system. British GDP may be four or five times higher than when the welfare state began, but extraordinarily, it is now judged to be unaffordable. Thus every as-

pect of personal financial planning assumes an even greater importance than it had before. In 35 years time, if current trends continue, no more than 20 and perhaps as few as 10 per cent of jobs will carry tenure, and the benefits to which we have become accustomed.

There will be no such thing as a career: rather there will be a sequence of related jobs in different organisations whose term will be limited by contract to two or three years each, or even two or three weeks. The fortunate will be able to renegotiate extensions but for the mass of workers the end of a contract will mark a fresh burst of insecurity.

UNCONDITIONAL unemployment benefit will have to be replaced by the very short-term unemployed, with the job-seekers' allowance extended to all unemployed for more than a month. Payments in relation to average earnings will continue to dwindle as income support is geared to price rather than wage increases. Thus those living on state pensions or income support will find their living standards frozen at around 1979 levels. To avoid that fate it is imperative to organise your own personal insurance for old age, sickness and unemployment.

The NHS will collapse into a two-tier service, offering universal emergency treatment, but in all other aspects rapid access to health care will depend on your ability to pay. Public wards will be regarded in much the same way as today's inner city comprehensive; as no-go areas confined only to those unable to escape. Private health insurance will be essential.

University education will long since have ceased to be free, and the principle of paying fees will have been extended throughout the educational system, diminishing public expenditure per capita on education in the same way it has on income support. Again, you will need to have saved in order to pay the fees.

Yet although the object will



have been to create room for tax cuts, poverty, crime and social collapse will cause public spending to remain only marginally below today's levels — and taxes will, in turn, be only slightly lower. This makes it vital to begin saving early, especially for pensions, where the more you save now the greater the impact of compound interest on expanding the final sum. But be careful not to save with a public company with a share quotation; they will be under such competitive pressure that pay-outs will be poorer, with much of

the surplus being diverted to shareholders rather than policyholders. Today's much-maligned mutual companies, with the interests of their members at the centre of their concerns, are a better long-term bet. And ensure that any mortgage you assume has the maximum flexibility for those inevitable periods of under-employment and joblessness. Be wary of endowment and pension mortgages where the principal is paid off by the growth in the value of the underlying assets; you may want all that final lump sum.

Better a repayment mortgage from an old-fashioned building society. Hope that a different government or the intellectual climate will change matters, but guard against the possibility that the future will be a continuation of the recent past. Build up those savings; have maximum flexibility and even entertain under-taking health and sickness insurance even though this may be against your principles. Take care — even while you curse the policies that have brought British civilisation to this pass.

## The inheritors of a bankrupt vision

Margaret Hughes and Teresa Hunter

IN THE next century John Major's vision of inherited wealth cascading down the generations will have become as passé as Viv Nicholson's proclaimed intention to "spend, spend spend" seems today. The priority for future generations will be to save for their future — setting aside money to provide income in retirement and to meet long-term care needs.

The current political debate as to whether inheritance tax should be abolished will, similarly, become irrelevant, as few other than the seriously rich will have any assets to pass on to their heirs.

For the bulk of the population their main asset is their home but, increasingly, more and more of the elderly — many of whom have exercised thrift throughout their lives — are being forced to sell their homes to fund long-term care, leaving nothing.

The outcry from the increasing numbers of the elderly being forced to part with their sole asset to finance such care has finally panicked the Government, forcing it to grasp the nettle of long-term care.

The Government has suggested that company pension schemes could be used to fund long-term care, but the National Association of Pension Funds argues that only half the workforce belongs to company pension schemes and the vast majority of these people would not have enough in their pension pot.

Within the next few weeks the Government will publish a Green Paper outlining a range of possible options. Initially it favoured a "partnership approach" which links state provision with the private sector, whereby, if anyone takes out private insurance to cover the first three years, the state picks up the tab for any additional years. Given that relatively few elderly people survive in care beyond three years, this has obvious attrac-

tions for the Government. But it now favours an even less generous variation, whereby the asset limit, below which some care will be provided by the state, is raised by the amount of insurance cover.

The downside of such schemes is that they rely on people taking out private insurance, for which the take-up so far in this country has been very low. The insurance industry would like to see tax breaks on private insurance cover, while the pensions industry believes that a compulsory savings scheme with tax breaks is probably the answer.

Other ideas put forward by various think-tanks include an extension of home income plans, whereby people re-mortgage their homes to fund long-term care, and a variation of home reversion schemes where a home owner

Increasingly, the elderly are being forced to sell their homes to fund long-term care

would surrender part of the equity in their property to an insurance company which would provide funds to meet care bills, with the property being retained until the owner's death, thus leaving something for their heirs.

But whatever the Government decides, it is clear that wealth cascading between generations will become nothing more than a dream. Not only will future generations have to fund their long-term care needs but they will also have to set aside more of their earnings to build up a pension.

Bodies of all political persuasion are arguing for a change in our current pension arrangements to prevent catastrophe in the next century. At the heart of the pensions matter lies the fact that the state pension scheme in

Britain is a pay-as-you-go scheme. People pay National Insurance contributions each year — not to save towards their retirement, but to pay for that year's pension bill.

This system worked well when the working population massively exceeded those in retirement. But it has been placed in jeopardy by changing demographics. While there are currently four times as many people in work than retired, there will be fewer than three workers paying for one pensioner by 2030.

Solutions range from encouraging more private savings to forcing people to make additional compulsory contributions. Either way, tomorrow's workers will almost certainly be asked to pay for today's pensions through their National Insurance contributions, while simultaneously paying for their own future pensions through additional savings.

Labour's future strategy on pensions is not a million miles from that of the Government — and both are based on a report by former Treasury

Second Permanent Secretary Sir John Anson. Sir John recommends abolishing the State Earnings-Related Pension Scheme (Serps) which provided a top-up to the basic state pension, and introducing an assured basic pension. He proposes a basic guaranteed pension, which everyone would get, plus an additional pension which, combined, would provide an income of 20 per cent of average earnings. But the top-up would be means-tested and cut back for those with other income.

Sir John also recommended the establishment of a National Pension Scheme which would build up funds for future pensions. This would oblige those in work to pay into a fund to provide an even higher level of pension on retirement.

Even Labour is gradually coming round to the idea that Serps will have to be abolished and that a funded second-tier of pension is the way forward.



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**A year after the collapse of the blue-blood merchant bank, the first disciplinary action is taken by the City. DAN ATKINSON and SARAH WHITEBLOOM report**



**THE CHAIRMAN:** Peter Baring 'has confirmed that he does not wish to re-enter the investment industry'



**THE DEPUTY:** Andrew Tuckey will not seek positions requiring registration by SFA 'unless his duties are limited... to the provision of corporate finance advice'

# Barings bosses face charges

**C**ITY regulators last night announced the first disciplinary action against former Barings executives one year after the merchant bank collapsed. After rogue trader Nick Leeson made losses of more than \$200 million.

Payments totalling tens of millions of pounds to "top up" Leeson's Singapore operations and hidden from both the Bank of England and regulators will form a key plank in the case brought against former Barings executives by the Securities and Futures Authority.

Meanwhile, the Securities and Investments Board, the chief City regulator, announced that six exchanges around the world had agreed

to set up a new international framework aimed at fencing in any future Nick Leeson-style rogue traders.

The SIB disclosed a worldwide deal to build "warning levels" into futures trading. It is thought Peter Norris, former chief executive of Barings Investment Bank, is a key defendant in the SFA action. He bears "ultimate responsibility" for the inaccurate reports that concealed the payments, according to last July's report by the Board of Banking Supervision into Barings collapse.

Mr Norris was accused also both of failing to act upon an internal 1994 report urging that Leeson's wings be clipped and of failing to tell regulators of the report's existence. This latter offence is likely also



**THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE:** Peter Norris denies role in Barings cover-up

be high up on the SFA's charge sheet against him, as will be the "inappropriate" request he made, according to the report, to accountants in Singapore to omit from an audit document any reference to a rogue transaction of \$50 million.

And the SFA proceedings may well refer to the board's finding that Mr Norris did nothing to establish the basis upon which Leeson was making his claims of enormous profits in Singapore.

Two other heavy-weight defendants are believed to be former head of the financial products group Ron Baker and the ex-group finance director of Barings Investment Bank, Geoffrey Broadhurst.

The SFA yesterday released no names or details of the

charges being laid. It did name the former chairman Peter Baring and deputy chairman Andrew Tuckey as having given assurances they had no intention of seeking direct executive management positions within the securities industry.

Mr Baring is leaving the City altogether and Mr Tuckey is to restrict his activities to corporate finance advice. But they remain, along with Mr Norris, targets for aggressive holders of £108 million of Barings bonds, who have lost all their money. They said last night they planned to issue writs against the three men, along with professional advisers to the 1994 bond issue, next month.

The SFA is thought to be coming down particularly

hard on those in any way guilty of misleading the SFA or breaching its principles of business conduct. And the July report identifies Messrs Norris, Baker and Broadhurst as being among those who, time and again, failed to take action against Leeson.

In its report, the board stated: "We consider that those with direct executive responsibility for establishing effective controls must bear much of the blame."

Peter Norris, along with Messrs Broadhurst and Baker, saw the internal audit report of summer 1994 that while not detecting Leeson's wild gambles — did identify the dangers of having him in sole charge of both the front and back office operations. A separate offence relates

to the colossal "top-up" payments sent from London to Singapore at Leeson's request, without any clear understanding of the uses to which the money was to be put. Mr Norris failed to acquaint himself with the position, according to the board, as did Mr Broadhurst and Mr Hopkins. These payments were not disclosed properly either to the Bank of England or to the SFA.

In February 1995, Coopers & Lybrand in Singapore picked up a "rogue" £50 million transaction and reported it to London. Messrs Norris and Broadhurst were criticised for failing to take urgent steps to investigate and were found to have made an "inappropriate" request to omit the transaction from an audit document.

**THE REGULATOR:** 'The SFA has commenced disciplinary proceedings against a number of persons involved with Barings... no further announcement will be made in relation to these proceedings until they are concluded.'

**Richard Farrant (right), chief executive of the Securities and Futures Authority**



**Norris**

PETER Norris had been poised to move into the £1 million bonus club — when the collapse of Barings left his career in tatters.

The 41-year-old former chief executive of Barings Investment Bank rose swiftly to the top. But after the crisis he left Barings and is effectively barred from holding a senior City post.

In the report that arose from the Bank of England's investigation, Mr Norris was said to bear "ultimate responsibility" for inaccurate information about Barings given to City regulators and the Bank. The Singaporean authorities have been even more censorious. Mr Norris denies such accusations.

**Baker**

THE former head of Barings financial products, Ron Baker, was sent on "holiday" after the bank's collapse. It has been one of the longest holidays in City history.

Mr Baker (right), a 44-year-old Australian, ran Barings' derivatives and dealing operation, which employed Nick Leeson. He only joined the firm in 1992 from the US house Bankers Trust.

Mr Baker gave up an estimated \$200,000 bonus when Barings went down. Along with Mr Norris, he was accused in the Bank of England's report of failing to implement a crucial proposal for tighter controls in Singapore. Whether he resumes his career will depend on the SFA.



**Broadhurst**

THE former Barings Investment Bank group finance director, Geoffrey Broadhurst had been with the institution less than 10 years when the bank went broke.

Having joined the firm in 1986, he moved quickly up the ranks.

Mr Broadhurst became financial controller of Barings Brothers and then finance director of Barings Singapore in February 1995 — the same year that Nick Leeson went to the bank's Far Eastern outpost.

Finance expert Mr Broadhurst is described by City insiders as a "charming man". They express disbelief that he was in any way involved in the affair.

## Lucas boss set to succeed GEC's Weinstock

**George Simpson will take the helm of Britain's biggest manufacturing group next year, says ROGER COWE**

**B**RTAIN'S biggest industrial company, GEC, yesterday appointed to have finally found a successor to Lord Weinstock, its managing director since 1963.

His place at the head of the missiles-to-hotpot washing machines group is likely to be taken by George Simpson, who will leave his position as chief executive of Lucas within a year.

Lucas was forced to make an announcement yesterday after speculation intensified that Mr Simpson was GEC's target. GEC made no comment last night, leaving it unclear when Lord Weinstock would step down and whether he will retain some active role.

Lucas, which produces motor components and aerospace engineering, admitted that it had been unable to persuade Mr Simpson to resist the lure of succeeding Lord Weinstock. Negotiations have

continued since the autumn and Mr Simpson told the board yesterday that he will not renew his contract next March. He is expected to move to GEC by the end of the year.

A source commented: "George has done a brilliant job at Lucas. But GEC is one of the biggest jobs in manufacturing in Europe."

GEC has been searching for a new managing director since last summer. Lord Weinstock announced two years ago,

when he reached 70, that he would carry on only for a further two years. His attempts to move into the top slot, which position were resisted by City institutions, and the GEC board eventually decided to launch a formal search outside the company.

Mr Simpson was considered a favourite target despite having moved to Lucas from BAE only in 1993. He has a reputation as both a strong industrial manager and an astute strategist — especially after his negotiations to sell Rover to BMW, despite the British car company's 15-year association with Honda. At Lucas he has sold several companies with poor prospects and

restructured the remaining group into five business streams.

His appointment could signify a huge shake-up at GEC, including renewed attempts at co-operation between the group and BAE. The two companies have had abortive merger discussions in the past, which came to nothing because of BAE's problems with its civil aircraft operation. But BAE is increasingly intent on creating a pan-European aircraft venture, which could leave some of its defence interests open to be merged with GEC's Marconi electronics subsidiary.

Some observers believe that GEC is ripe for demerger, and

that Mr Simpson's main task will be to break up the group. Already three of its main interests are part of international joint ventures: telecommunications with Siemens of Germany, power engineering with Alstom of France and the "white goods" appliance business with General Electric of the US. Marconi is the fourth main business, and GEC also owns a collection of other businesses ranging from cables to petrol pump systems.

Lord Weinstock has attracted widespread criticism for being overly cautious by building up huge cash reserves, now £2.5 billion, rather than making acquisi-

tions. Many in the City hope the cash will be returned to investors as part of a restructuring under a new managing director takes over.

Mr Simpson is a Scottish accountant who has spent most of his working life in motor manufacturing. After a brief period in the gas industry he joined British Leyland Motor Corporation in 1969 when he was in his mid-20s. Apart from a year at Leyland Daf in 1987 he stayed with what is now Rover Group until his move to Lucas in 1993.

His first move from finance into general management was in 1980 when he became managing director of Coventry Climax. The rest of the 1980s were spent in the van and truck business.

In 1988, he returned to Rover Group as managing director, subsequently becoming chief executive and chairman, and deputy chief executive of Rover's owner, British Aerospace.

Mr Simpson attempted to lead a buyout of Rover from BAE but was unable to raise the finance. He saw through the sale of the car maker before moving to Lucas.

## Failure to cure trouble at the top fuels fears of a takeover

**L**UCAS has had persistent trouble in finding and keeping top executives. In 1992 the company lost David Hankinson after a brief spell as finance director, swiftly followed by Tony Edwards, who ran Lucas's aerospace interests and had been lined up to

take over from chairman and chief executive Sir Anthony Gill.

Sir Anthony finally split his job in two, bringing in banker Sir Brian Pearce as chairman and handing over the chief executive reins to Mr Simpson.

Observers are now won-

dering how easy it will be for Lucas to fill the top slot, and whether Mr Simpson's departure will once again expose Lucas to the threat of takeover.

A spokesman for the group said last night that the departing chief executive had laid the strategy

and had assembled a strong executive team. Mr Simpson is also said to be keen to remain until an orderly transition is guaranteed and the group's recovery from poor performance in the recession has been demonstrated in this year's financial results.

and had assembled a strong executive team. Mr Simpson is also said to be keen to remain until an orderly transition is guaranteed and the group's recovery from poor performance in the recession has been demonstrated in this year's financial results.

### Saturday Notebook

## Time to regulate a better way



**Edited by Alex Brummer**

**T**HE wheels of justice grind secretly, slowly and with a great deal of noblesse oblige in the City of London. Nick Leeson, the Singapore trader, having acknowledged his misdeed has spent much of the year locked up and is currently serving seven years in Singapore's Changi jail.

Those with the responsibility for running Barings with integrity, ensuring the funds of depositors and investors in the asset management group were protected, have walked away from the Securities and Futures Authority — the City's market regulator — with no more than a mild reprimand.

The group chairman, Peter Baring, and the bank's chairman, Andrew Tuckey, have, the SFA informs us, expressed "their deep regret" at the events leading to the Barings insolvency. Since both Mr Baring and Mr Tuckey appear to be good chaps and have assured the SFA that they are not planning a return to the financial markets, they are being allowed to walk away from the responsibility of all those hurt by the Barings collapse.

These include the bondholders who have lost £108 million — a sum about equal to the disgraceful bonuses paid out to Barings executives in the year leading to the crash. Yet Messrs Baring and Tuckey were responsible not just for putting the bank at risk but, in effect, failing to ensure that depositors' funds were not gambled away in Singapore. Mr Tuckey will still be allowed to dispense advice on corporate finance matters — not a reassuring prospect.

Disciplinary action does await several other Barings officials including Peter Norris, chief executive of Barings Investment Bank, Ron Baker head of the financial products group and Geoffrey Broadhurst, group finance director of Barings Investment Bank.

But these three officials, and any others who have access to all its funds in Singapore.

Certainly, having the cloud of SFA disciplinary action hanging over anyone cannot be pleasant. It means the ability to operate in a chosen field of activity is certainly in danger. Moreover, it could also expose those concerned to large fines.

However, given the income which Mr Norris and co enjoyed before the Barings implosion, even the maximum £200,000 penalty thus far doled out by the SFA may not seem that threatening.

It would be impossible to compare the kind of justice likely to be dispensed by the SFA with the justice meted out for similar offences by America's Securities and Exchange Commission or the Singapore authorities.

When it comes to taking disciplinary action against its own, the old ways still suffice. The former head of the SFA, Christopher Sharples, has

made suggestions for strengthening SFA/Exchange supervision under the direction of a new Trading & Markets Authority. But simply changing the names and merging regulators will not deliver the clean markets Britain deserves.

The preference for practitioner-led regulation has encouraged complacency. The incompetence of the Barings officials concerned is laid bare, with some firmness, by both the Board of Banking Supervision and the Singapore inspectors. No doubt, the SFA is concerned that natural justice is preserved. However, its timidity is disgraceful and the sooner this flimsy, ramshackle and over-protective system of regulation is swept away, the more faith there will be in the probity of our markets.

### Simpson's task

**G**EC, it would appear, has won its man. While the wall of silence surrounds Stanhope Gate, the Lucas board has, in effect, released its chief executive George Simpson for higher duties when his contract expires in March 1997.

It has been the worst-kept secret in British industry that Mr Simpson is the favoured candidate to take over the premier post in British industry, as successor to Lord Weinstock.

The manner of Mr Simpson's departure is very much in keeping with the mystery that has surrounded the Weinstock succession. Instead of GEC making its own definitive statement this spring, as had been promised, Lucas found itself in the invidious position of having to negotiate his departure well before his task of restructuring Lucas and fully restoring confidence in the company has been completed.

Then again, Mr Simpson — like the person he will succeed at GEC — is not necessarily the sort of executive who hangs around. No sooner had Mr Simpson turned around the economics of Rover at British Aerospace, then he happily consented to sell off Britain's last home-owned, large-scale car maker to BMW — so moving critical investment decisions for the UK economy from London/Birmingham to Munich.

It can only be hoped that this sets no precedent for his next post. At GEC Mr Simpson would inherit a manufacturer that dominates UK power engineering, electronics, defence contracting and telecommunications. The group R&D spend alone amounts to more than £1 billion a year. This is too valuable a property to be squandered on short-term gains.

### Yorkshire spill

**T**AKE a troubled company, shake-out the top management, bring in a non-executive chairman and leave the executive team to fight it out without the guiding hand of a chief executive or managing director.

It sounds a recipe for disaster, but it is the formula chosen by Yorkshire Water. Customers and shareholders, who bore the brunt of the company's disastrous handling of water shortages last summer, will not regret the departure of chairman Gordon Jones and managing director Trevor Newton.

But they should be concerned about the lack of an executive hand on the group tiller.

### News in brief

#### Siebe poised to bid for Unitech

Siebe, the international controls and temperature appliances group, is ready to bid more than £400 million for Unitech, which makes and distributes electronic components and controls. Late yesterday Siebe announced it agreed to purchase a 25 per cent stake in the group from Electrowatt AG, a Swiss utility for £103 million in cash.

#### Granny bonds lead way

National Savings, the state-controlled savings institution, last month attracted deposits of £1.24 billion. After repayments to savers, it banked £485 million in new money.

#### BET under attack

Rentokil launched a fresh assault in its £1.8 billion takeover battle for BET by attacking the performance of the bid target's core businesses. Res-

#### ponding to BET's formal defence document, Rentokil claimed that overall trading margins for most of its operations have fallen by 0.3 per cent to 6.2 per cent over the past six months. The claim was rejected by BET.

#### Campsite downturn

Eurocamp yesterday warned that camping holiday bookings for this year were "set to finish well down on last year" as cumulative bookings fell 22 per cent below last year's levels. Shareholders at the annual meeting were told the picture was more encouraging in its other main activity, UK hotel breaks where bookings were up 18 per cent.

#### Blue Arrow sold

The Blue Arrow employment services company has been acquired by Corporate Services Group, a contract labour and training firm, for £47.8 million which will be raised through a placing and open offer.

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Finally, City watchdog bites on Barings . . .

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# Finance Guardian

## Toy story begins and ends with bottom line

From a Mickey Mouse start, character merchandising is now worth billions, say **LISA BUCKINGHAM** and **SIMON BEAVIS**

THE arrival of global television, which is expected to see the start of thousands of new channels in the next few years, is creating an altogether more dubious revolution at the same time.

It seems like fun and it has an unbelievable appeal to children, but the merchandising industry — which exploits the earnings potential of film, TV and book characters — could impoverish parents the world over.

Few families will crash below the poverty line by shelling out for Mr Men yoghurts rather than the supermarket's own brand, but the licensing business has grander designs on our pockets.

As television channels, filled with the produce of Hollywood, extend to less affluent countries, the licensing industry will be in hot pursuit, ready to profit from an untapped market for all things Western with a range of Lion King tableware or Power Rangers clothing.

From its infancy in the 1940s, when Disney first decided to license the Mickey Mouse image, the worldwide merchandising business is estimated to have grown to be worth \$110 billion (£72 billion) a year.

Clothes are by far the largest element of this, but food is increasingly important. Tesco, for instance, offers about 200 products linked to characters. This is a tiny fraction of the company's total 30,000 product lines, but a spokeswoman said the range was growing rapidly. It may not be quite impossi-

ble to buy a can of children's pasta without some cartoon, book or TV association, but many product lines are now swamped by the merchandising business. Try to find a child's toothbrush which is not emblazoned with the likes of Donald Duck or Dino, the Flintstones' pet dinosaur.

The whole thing has gone into overdrive with the stand-alone Dennis the Menace brand of children's foods. This is not an established manufacturer using the licence to pep up an old brand, but an entirely new entrant to the market. It started with a "vitamin added" ketchup-type sauce (Dennis for the kids, the vitamins for the parents) and recently moved into the gruesome-sounding Strawberry Jammees.

According to the Copyright Promotions Licensing Group (CPLG) — which acts as licensing agent for DC Thomson's Marvel Comics, whose Beano features Dennis the Menace — this is the first time a character has been established as a brand. It is in all the supermarkets and is likely to be expanded into an entire range of kiddies' fare.

What helps is the way in which Dennis is no longer confined to the pages of a comic. Two successful videos of his exploits have already been produced, and the BBC is about to screen 19 half-hour animated Dennis shows which have cost £2.5 million to make. These, in turn, are likely to find their way on to video, as Polygram has snapped up the rights.

In all, some 35 companies are involved in producing

Dennis the Menace products, ranging from jigsaw puzzles to hot water bottles. And Halfords, the cycle company, has even rebranded its own-brand bike range with the character: there will be Dennis the Menace mountain bikes for the boys, Minnie the Mixup for girls and a Bash Street Kids range for the younger ones.

It is the cyclical nature of the business, where exposure on one front fuels sales elsewhere, which offers the big earnings potential. Look at recent films from Disney, which is estimated to earn every \$1 in \$3 from merchandising rather than putting bottoms on cinema seats: merchandise relating to the film

giving renewed vigour to sales of existing items. Although children in the three to eight-year age range are by far the largest target, there is an increasing trend to aim for teenagers. By getting to them, younger brothers and sisters will be influenced.

The apparent loss of self-consciousness among adults about what they are prepared to wear in public is opening up a new, if marginally unbecoming, sector. Marks & Spencer, for example, is offering a range of men's clothes and underwear sporting characters from Hanna-Barbera's Wacky Races cartoon.

If the prospect of grown men parading around in Dick Dastardly boxer shorts is not sufficiently challenging, Copyright Promotions will argue — with a straight face — that Mr Men silk ties are best-sellers for retailers such as The Rack: dad wears his Mr Happy tie while feeding baby in its Mr Messy bib. The sight of Paula Yates in a Little Miss Naughty T-shirt did nothing but good to sales

arrives in the shops before the premiere, so playground gossip has already established miniature models of, for example, Pocahontas as "must have" elements in the toy box. The window opens again when the video comes out.

The earnings potential of merchandising is now astronomical for the owners of leading characters. Since 1977, the Star Wars films, made by George Lucas, have earned more than \$8 billion (£1.9 billion) in merchandising. And Mr Lucas is planning another Star Wars trilogy, to be screened in cinemas from 1999, no doubt accompanied by its own range of merchandise.

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than conventional advertising. The orange drink, Fanta, for example, managed to hold its market share against the heavily advertised relaunch of Tango, by adopting the Sonic the Hedgehog videogame character.

But the merchandising business, with the power it gives to the controllers of licensed properties has had far-reaching implications for major industries such as toy manufacturers. Edmund Young, vice-president of Perfekta, the Hong Kong toy-maker, and head of the toy advisory council of the local trade development council, makes two simple points

about the industry in which his family has made its living for more than 30 years. It is now a fashion industry, he says, and where there used to be three main markets — Japan, the US and Europe — now there is one. All children everywhere want, indeed must have, the same thing. Increasingly, those demands are driven by the film studios and the American toy corporations.

His point is eloquently underlined at the giant Toys 'R' Us branch in the busy Harbour district of nearby Kowloon. There may be a marginal bias towards sci-fi figures dressed in slightly oriental garb, but otherwise all that distinguishes this Toys 'R' Us from a similar outlet in South London, say, is that the products cost more. Which is odd, since most of the toys on display are made just across the water in China by firms like Mr Young's.

All but 10 per cent of Hong Kong toy-makers are now producing in southern China, lured by labour shortages in the mid-1970s and the promise of cheaper labour. Of the \$150 billion (£8.9 billion) of toy exports out of the colony in 1995, all but HK\$2.5 billion came from China. Some 90 per cent of the toys are produced under contract for the big toy corporations, led by US firms such as Hasbro and Mattel.

"The toy industry," says Mr Young, "is very much controlled by the American toy companies. We have to rely very heavily on licensed toy manufacturing. To some extent that has always been the case. The Hong

Kong industry grew in the 1950s from the collapse of a more passing fad — plastic flowers. Once demand for fake blooms fell, Hong Kong was left with an expertise in plastics moulding but nothing to do with it. America's toy-makers moved in, shifting Far East production from Japan to the colony.

Thanks to the cheap and plentiful labour in China, and the gradual opening of trade links, Hong Kong was able to maintain its dominance over regional challengers from Korea, Taiwan and Japan. Now those challengers have moved into China, too.

Many local firms have tried to establish themselves as self-standing suppliers of their own toys. But the grip of the Western toy groups is hard to break. "Many Hong Kong toy companies have found it very difficult to move out of contract manufacturing business. The number of companies making their own products might be huge, but the amount of business they do on these is small," says Mr Young.

The bulk of licences for highly promoted toys from the film studios are snapped up by the big US firms. Scrag-end pickings — the production of accessories such as rucksacks emblazoned with Aladdin or Casper — are usually all that is left.

Executives in the licensing business argue that the super-markets' price war has helped to keep down the retail price of merchandised produce, so parents are not necessarily exploited when catering to their little darling's urge for a Bat-

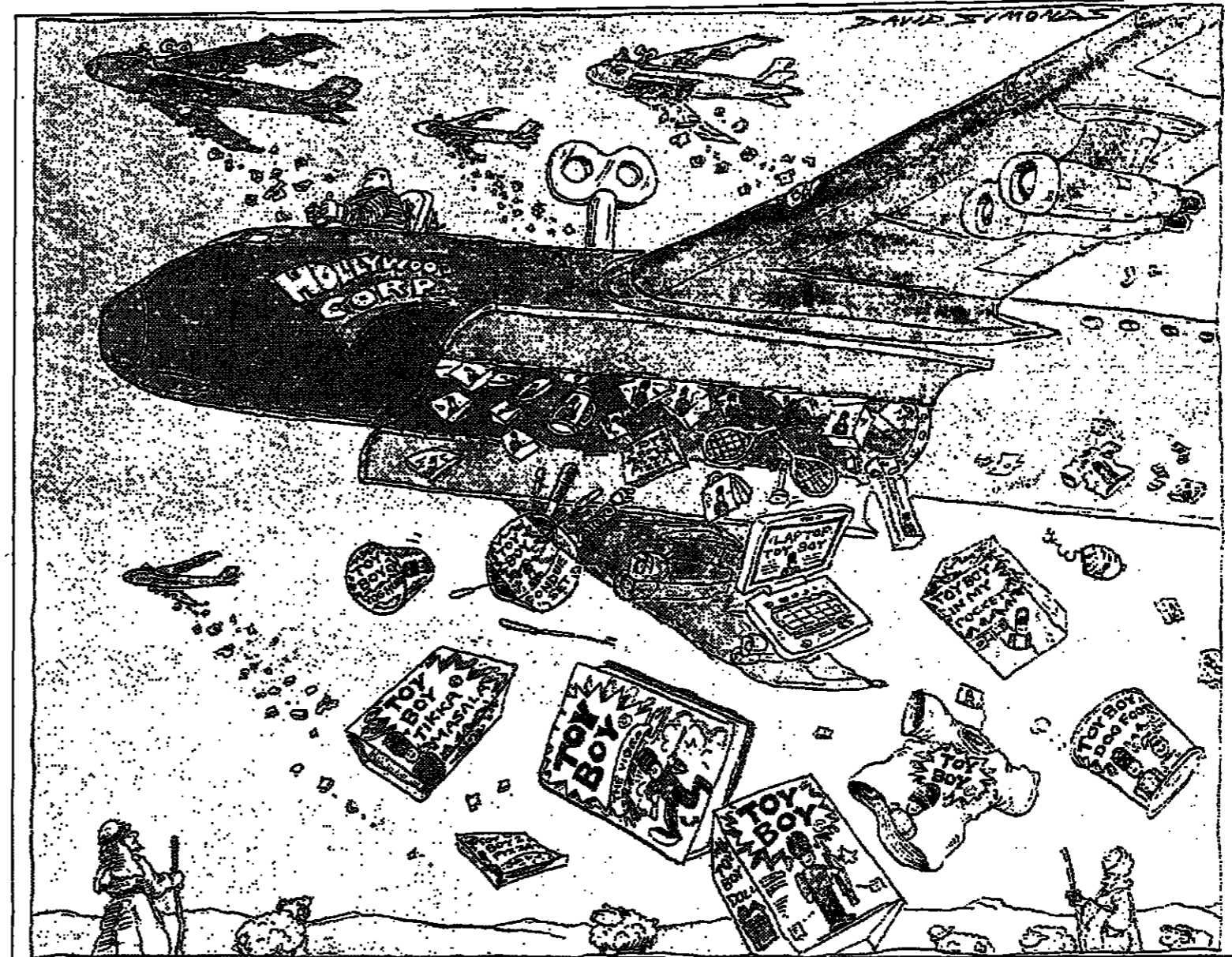
man cup and saucer. The executives claim that the move towards "value for money" on the high street means that licensed goods can no longer afford simply to "label slap" — putting a character's picture on the label but leaving the product essentially the same.

These pricing pressures vanish in the trend towards destination shopping. Miniature models of Disney characters may have to be more keenly priced if they are on sale in Woolworths alongside a range of Puppy in My Pocket, but there is no such constraint when they are sold in a Disney shop.

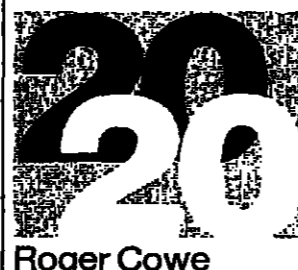
This is clearly nirvana for a merchandiser, and one which others clearly want to emulate. Warner Brothers is already there, and the recent acquisition of more than 20 per cent of CPLG's shares by the Trocadero centre in London made a nod in a similar direction.

Trocadero has rights to some of Enid Blyton's books, which it is hoping CPLG will exploit — already a "nostalgia" campaign is planned. But Trocadero, which is aiming to become a top London tourist spot, is hoping to get its hands on some of the characters already in CPLG's portfolio.

The manipulative shadow of Hollywood already feels more than a little claustrophobic, but there is a final twist. Copyright Promotions is weighing up the possibility of ensuring that its major characters get sufficient exposure to generate sales year after year by investing in TV production from the outset. Character, camera and . . . action!



## Free, but not for long



ZENECA'S share price has rocketed again this week, further fuelling expectations that somebody, somewhere is preparing a takeover bid for the agro-pharmaceutical company. The shares fell back a few pence yesterday as some of the takeover excitement receded, but from the beginning of the month they have risen by about 10 per cent. Since the drug group was hived off from ICI three years ago, the price has more than doubled. For some observers, this is a vindication of the demerger and a triumph for the religion of "shareholder value". But if shareholder value means nothing more than a higher share price, it doesn't amount to very much. And it makes it very easy for any public company to increase

shareholder value, simply by putting it about that a takeover is in the offing. Zenecca's shares have not risen purely because of takeover speculation, however. There has been some true increase in value, as can be seen from the strong flow of new products which have recently outweighed the decline of the previously key heart drug, Tenormin.

(Those who prefer financial indicators might be puzzled why the financial markets have ignored the fact that profits have actually declined since 1993. The answer seems to be excitement at the prospect of takeover and that the decline has been due to exceptional write-offs.)

It is impossible to measure the extent to which this growth has been due to independence from ICI, but Zenecca's directors believe it has been an important, if largely intangible, factor, and they should know. But here lies a puzzle: Zenecca has done so well because of its independence and, because it has done so well, it seems destined to lose its independence.

That doesn't make much sense, but then the purpose of the financial markets is to make money, not sense. And the financial markets are convinced that there is

no other future for Zenecca but back inside another group. This is driven by the current conventional wisdom that the drug industry is too fragmented and must consolidate until the leaders have a substantial percentage of the market, just as in most other industries. Even within that context, however, nobody seems to think that Zenecca is too small or feeble to compete. The company is generally seen as having a strong product portfolio, a good position in the cancer treatment market, and good links with bio-technology ventures.

So Zenecca doesn't need to be taken over, but somebody else, probably Swiss group Roche, might feel the need to take it over, to maintain its virility after the recent combination of its local rivals Ciba and Sandoz.

Here's another irony, however. Speculation has now driven up Zenecca's share price to such an extent that even Roche would hesitate at the cost, which would be at least £1.5 billion. So it is only when speculation recedes, and the share price falls back, that Roche or another bidder could pounce. That's business.

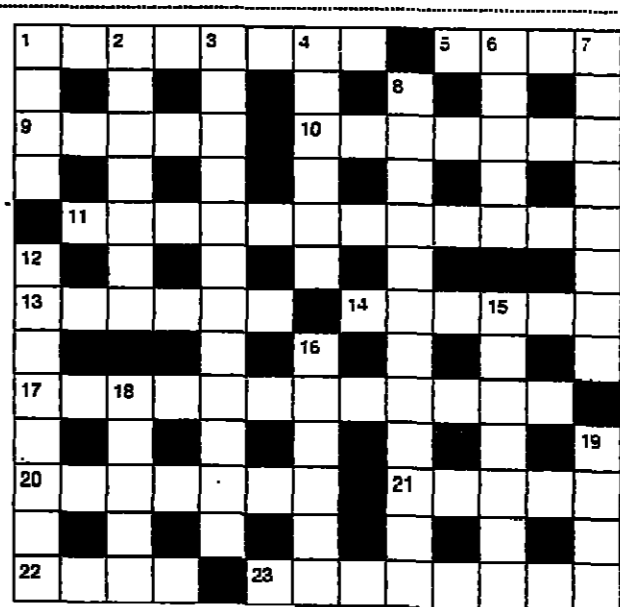
## Quick Crossword No. 8075

S W E E P S T A K E  
S K I A O  
T R O P I C A L  
O L D R E G H I  
P A L E S H E R L O C K  
T S V A L E  
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E U A S T I  
R A M S G A T E I T C H  
O S T A T I C I T I O  
U E G S O D  
A M E N T I O T R A T

Solution No. 8074

### Across

- 1 Woodkilder (8)
- 5 Low voice — fish! (4)
- 9 Unit of distance (5)
- 10 Strutting bird or his mate (7)
- 11 Confidence booster (4,2,3,3)
- 13 Fibre-producing plant (6)
- 14 Any old person (3,3)
- 17 Full stop used in numbers (7,5)
- 20 Bitter regret (7)
- 21 Advantage (5)
- 22 Head (for taxing) (4)
- 23 Lawyer or legal power (8)



### Down

- 1 Inflationary device? (4)
- 2 Device to prevent backsliding? (7)
- 3 Add (6)
- 4 Add (5)
- 6 Scent (5)
- 7 Wealthy from own efforts (4-4)
- 8 Accompaniment to bangers (6,6)
- 12 Bitter sweet? (4,4)
- 15 Blessing (Old English) — in bones (anag) (7)
- 16 Skilled with (foreign) language (6)
- 18 Beast of burden (5)
- 19 Remain (4)

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